

D 'YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIME
ZONES THERE ARE IN THE
SOVIET UNION?



it's not even funny

I AM A PRODUCT



Lobster 10p
Telephone

OCCASIONAL
PAPERS
in
SOCIAL
degeneration
OR

GOOD MAGAZINE

volume 1
number 29

IF YOU SHOULD COME ACROSS SOMETHING THAT OFFENDS YOU WHILE READING THIS MAGAZINE
BEFORE YOU EXPLODE IN FITS OF RAGE, TRY AND THINK ABOUT THE REASON THAT IT WAS
WRITTEN, LOOK BEYOND THE TYPE ON THE PAGE, DON'T TAKE EVERYTHING AT FACE VALUE.
THIS PRINCIPLE ALSO WORKS VERY WELL IN YOUR DAY TO DAY LIFE...

STRANGLES

GRANNY

EDIT-WHORE-IAL

This is me again, talking to you, as if you gave a fuck in Ashitbucket... It's here, it's late and i love it. There's some not »NICE« bits in, so be prepared. T-shirts are ready ultra! so hassle us if you're interested. We were interviewed with a view to being on Radio Notty last week, AAAH FAME. Well sickle loved it, I was shitting myself, Thanks so to John for the interest etc. Me and the rest of the crew are well pissed 'cos we missed TACK»HEAD when they played a totally unadvertised, unmentioned gig at The old Vic.

I do apologise for the print quality on some bits but i couldn't really Afford to do any more to replace the crap. Get a new Ribbon on yr TYPEWRITER SAM!

AND DON'T FORGET.... WE ARE ALL PROSTITUTES... NO MISTAKE



The Bearer Of This Card Is A Genuine And Authorised Pope

So Please Treat Him Right

GOOD FOREVER

Genuine and Authorised by the House of Apostles of Eris. Every man, woman and child on earth is a Genuine and Authorised Pope

CRASH AND

A rewrite of the insincerity bit: don't print this (Ha bloody ha. I can hear you saying "I wouldn't even consider printing any of your stuff whatsoever, Zak").

Did you know insincerity can kill. David loves Sarah. Sarah loves David. David is a wit. David sends some letters to Sarah. The first letter says he is leaving her for his new car. The second says he is not and was she worried by his little joke? Sarah reads the first letter and takes a very large shot of heroin resulting in a severe case of deads. Poor dead Sarah. Even poorer David. He is alive but alone and guilty

He is a mad letter-sending word-murderer ; and all because he was insincere. Insincerity is a killer.

ZAK INC.

Gumbleweed

MR X

my evil twin

my evil twin sits
and stares back
in the monitor
of my word processor
while i type you
seduction poems

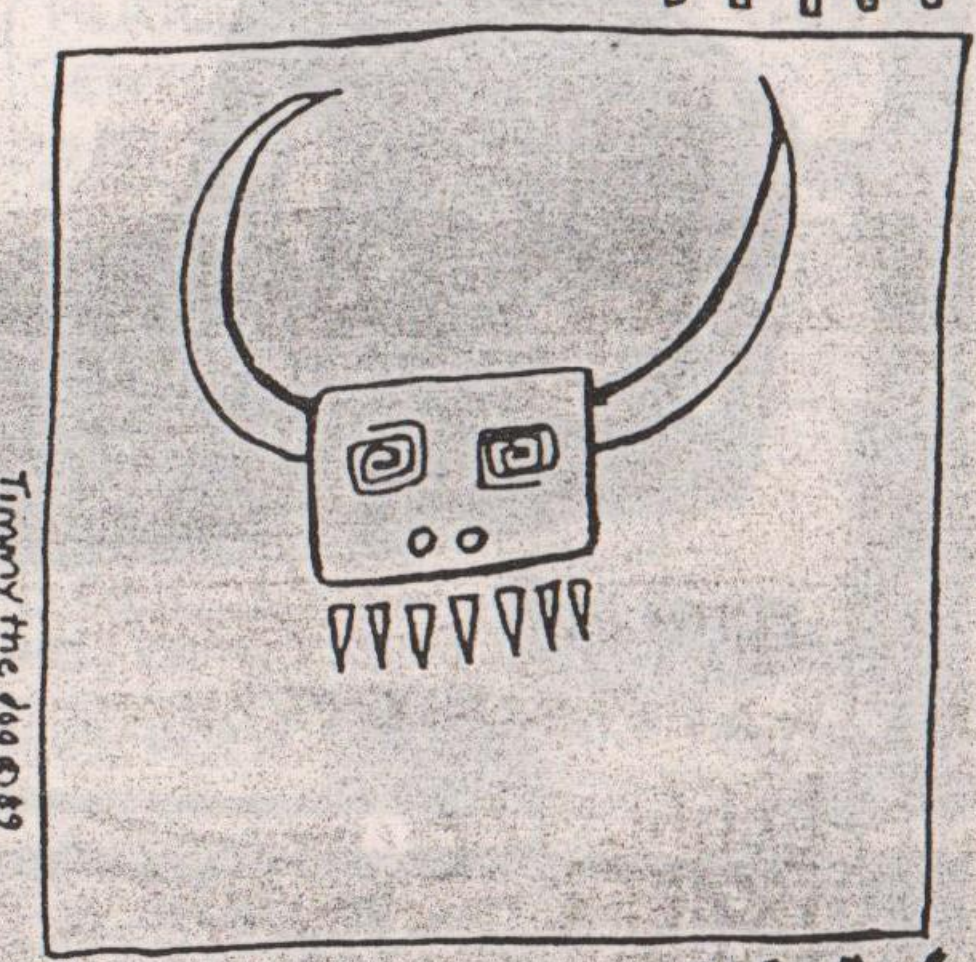
he doesn't let me go
to school

he prods me into
rubberstamping words
against yourthroat
with humor

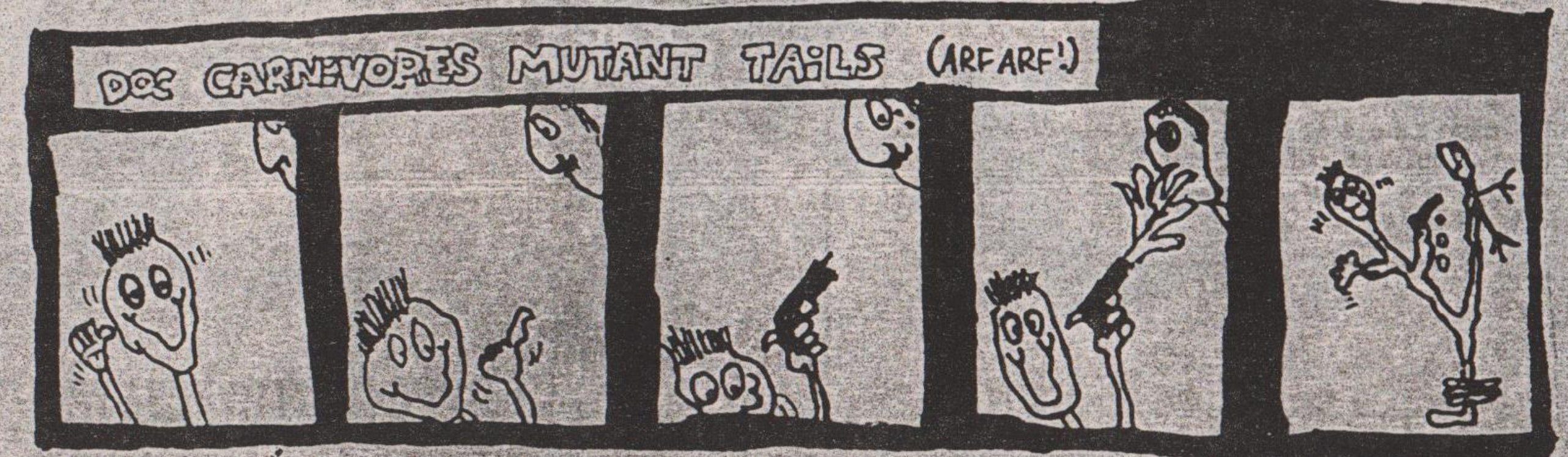
he sees me asking
for tenderness
knowing he will get his



NO 3: TROUBLE AT SAINSBURY'S.....



Last of the surrealists



Thousands of members of indigenous population left dead and homeless but Ethel Stipe (67) of Grimsby, Ernest Fink (94) & Esme Stikkybeak (89), on a walking tour of the area were left wringing their socks out. Arthur Pebble(104) commented that his new walking boots had been completely ruined. -Reuters

LEGAL BRIEFS



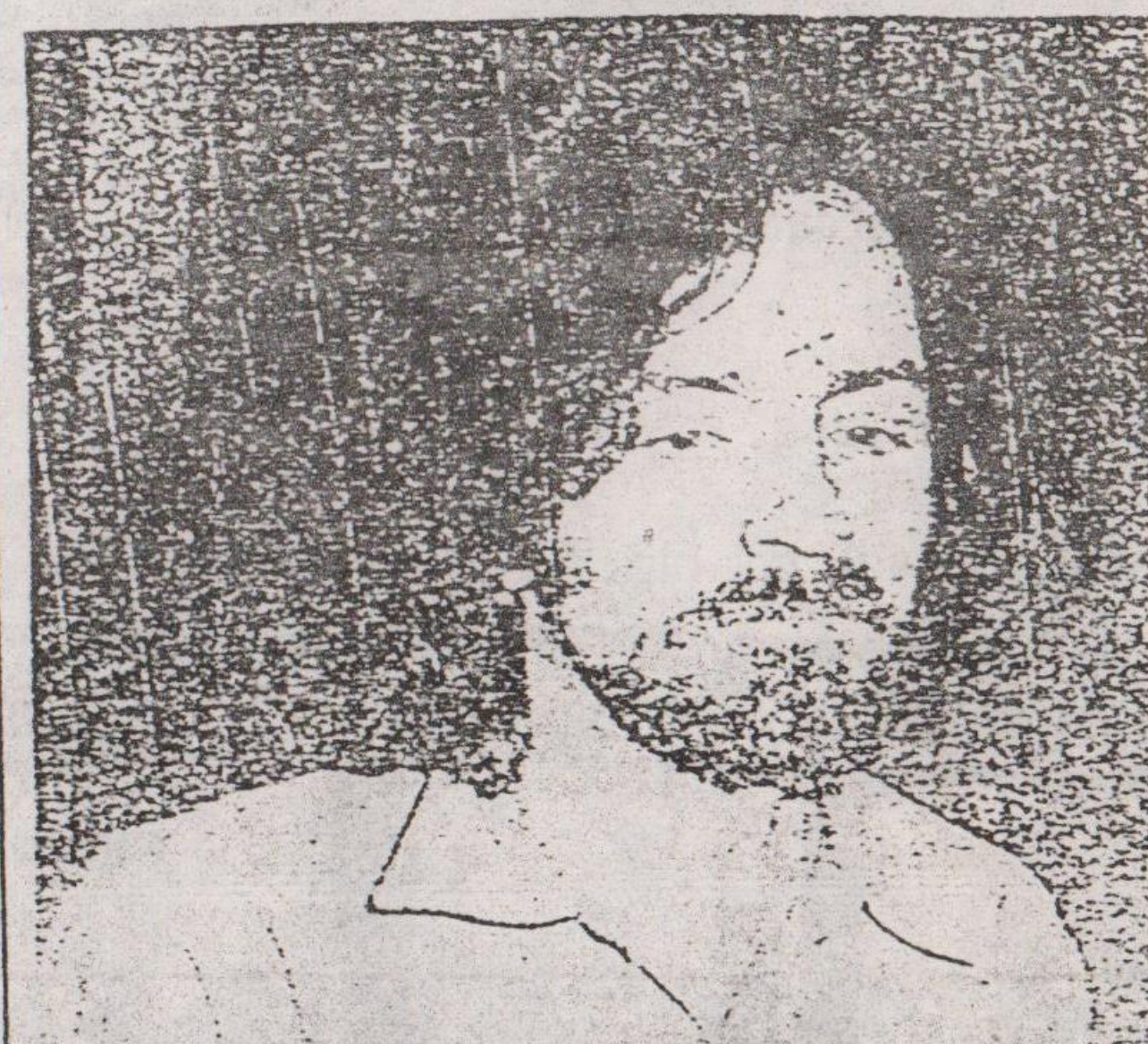
GENUINE ROYAL
SEAL

ORDER NOW!! AVOID DELAY.

CULTS EVERYWHERE!

JOIN,

the MANSON SURFERS



join the family

'SKATE FOR CHARLIE'

P 0 G

THE FILM ALL RIGHT ON PEOPLE
ARE SUPPOSEDLY GOING ON
ABOUT. STARTS OUT BEING
WELL FUNNY & GETS MORE
AND MORE MENACING AS
IT GOES ON. THE DAILY MAIL
WENT WELL O.T.T. ABOUT
SPIKE LEE (THE DIRECTOR).
BEING A TOTAL BLACK NAZI
SEPERATIST AND TOTALLY
MISSED THE POINT. I FOUND
THIS TALE OF RACIAL
TENSION IN U.S. "GHETTOS"
TO HAVE A VERY POSITIVE
MESSAGE, BUT THEN I
SUPPOSE YOU CAN'T
EXPECT MUCH FROM THE
DAILY MAIL. J.W.

THE TROUBLE WITH **VIZ**

NEW VIZ →

POSTMAN SPACE ALIEN FUCK SHIT!

BOMBS BURN TITS

WAIT A MINUTE, HAVEN'T I READ THIS ONE ALREADY?

GROSS WHO

GLAD
TO SEE
WE'RE
MAKING
PROGRESS

LESS
IS
MORE

DISPOSAL

TIME OUT

1. Discharged
2. Refr own G.P.
3. Outpatient
4. Fracture Clinic
5. IP - UHN
6. IP - City
7. IP - elsewhere
8. A&E Clinic

My bathrobed returns. I tell him
'his' baby had been accidentally expurgated
during defecation, and could be found in
the bowl of the toilet. He rushes
upstairs COVER YOUR EYES and pulls out a
lump of shit instead of the foetal
remains. He kisses it, strokes it and
moans softly, "My son, my son." Only a
woman could mistake a lump of shit for his
own kind.

Despite loss of reason (to marry) he
succeeds to a ceremony. Love is most
definitely blind but not, unfortunately,
a permanent affliction. The next day he
returned from COVER YOUR EARS the office
saying he'd arranged everything at the
registry. "Registry be damned. Book me
at the Basilica in St.Peter's Square or...",
and here I pulled out a television, "Tell
me what to do with your remains."

His face was doing a terrible job of hiding his shock. In the remaining evening light it looked gaunt and pale, save for a slight shadow of stubble round the chin and sides of his hollow head. I, of course, was pleased with his reaction - surely I was well on the way to achieving my sacrificial ceremony in the Venetian splendour of the Basilica. I left him, standing there, like COVER YOUR MOUTH like some sort of ridiculous chimp, and went to bed.

The next day I popped in to see the Pope and confronted him with the Papal facts... He was leader of the Freemasons, Catholicism = Cathar's beliefs = a way to hide the truth about Christ's death and the whereabouts of his grave. The Pope gasped and NOW HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND then reached for his pocket. The outling in it was obviously that of a small television remote control unit. Luckily I anticipated his actions and managed to get to it first. "Strange that a man such as you entrusts his safety not to god but to a weapon. Doesn't this prove what I might have to reveal to the world?" John Paul sighed and agreed to give me free reign over the Basilica. At last! Membership of the Divorced and Proud Society was within my grasp...

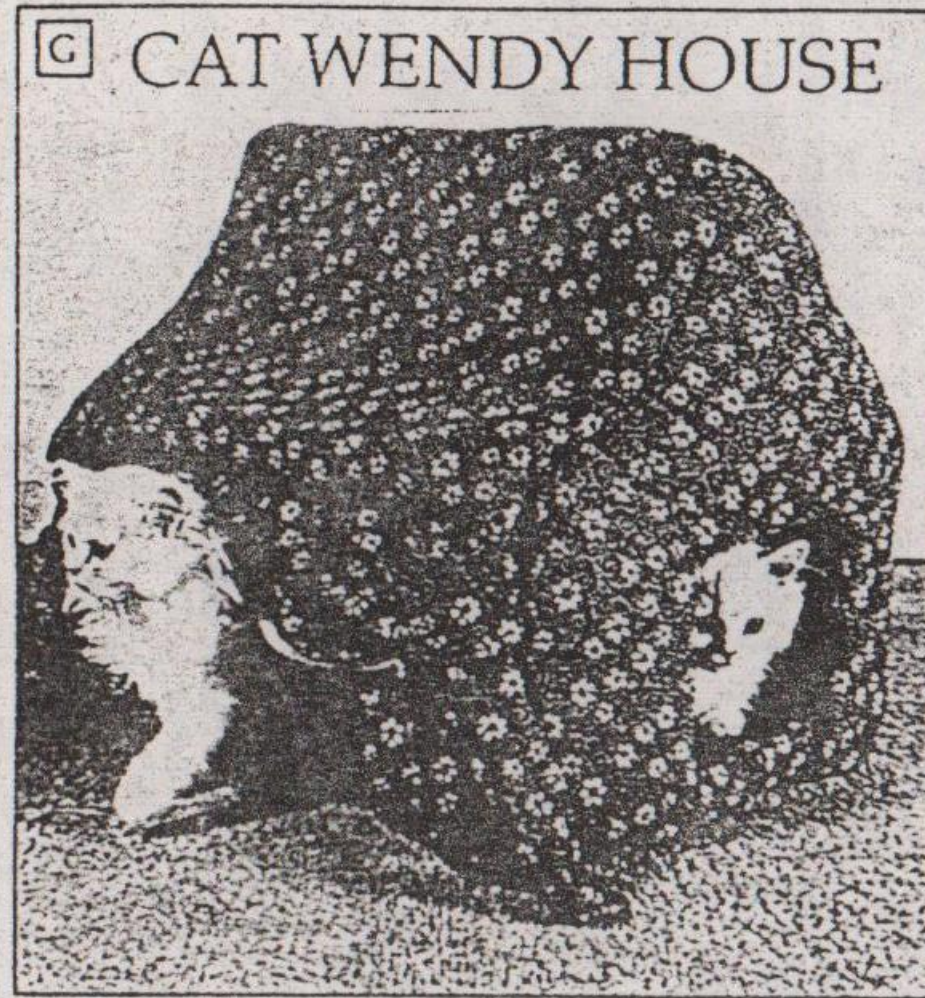
Mine Coastal Lobster is Field for 11
Contains within a Belcovicus
From the City.

Alone again, for this is the daytime, standing in a room in my brother's house in the nicest area of a nice town. More pain in my body. I feel the kick of feet against my flesh and scramble to the hard ground - parquetry flooring lends bruises to the lightest of falls, but still the feel of kicking feet pains me. I must kill my antagonist lest I have to feed, clothe and shelter it. I have the coming god-knows-how-many years. Grabbing a pair of tongues form the earth, here where my antagonist was made, I attempt to extract it - a parasitoida uprising down-dripping through vaginal portals. I want to see it, hate it, maybe toss it on the fire and watch the ripped-out placenta and its fluids fizzlet but the tongues fail me so I proceed to the kitchen to fetch a knife to plunge into my body, killing my yet-to-be born baby. I pull its remains from my womb and stare them - it may be that my fiancé will wish to see this monument to manhood he spent oh so long creating. Later I spend a pleasant hour stitching up my wound with a locking stitch that looks very pretty in a white cotton against my redskin.

The blood sloshes thru mine atrium.
must clean it away before my bethrothed
returns and senses foul play, for he will
surely cry "police" and weep for 'his'
end baby, but not once did he offer to
carry my heavy load. I wipe away the
load as blood in the hallway is a sure
sign of a life violently terminated.
Foetus Fuck Pregnancy. KILL IT before it
grows and forces itself out of your womb
and into your darkhorse nightmare. KILL
IT before it becomes a leech, sucking on
you and feeding off you for 18 years.
KILL IT before it perpetuates this
wretched race. Fuck Abort Semen Foetus
Evastation Uterus.

ARTICLES ARE ONLY NECESSARY WHEN THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING LEFT IN THE FRIDGE.

(IN) FAMOUS BABIES: N°1



C Your cats will love this 'Wendy' play house and bed. It's sure to give you both hours of pleasure as you watch them play. Fabric covered foam, with removable cushion which is easily washable. Size 20" x 15" x 16".
Wendy House 2614 £17.95

£17.95

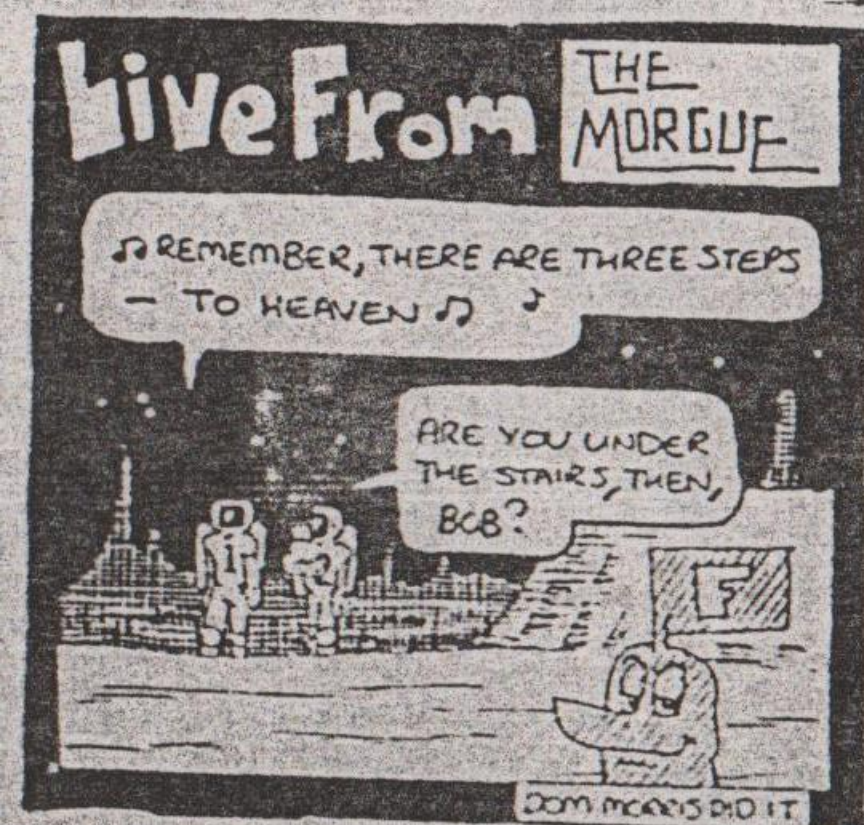
I MEAN ITS KINDA NICE
IN A WAY
ALMOST
ALMOST PERFECT YA KNOW
ITS THE DARK SIDE
OF HEAVEN
COMMUNICATION OF SORTS
FEELING
TOUCH
SMELL
BITE
EXPLOSION
LOTS OF YUMMY

Timmy the log ② 19



PAINT A VULGAR PICTURE

No white lies



SKETCHY DIVISION

ISSUE 2 OUT NOW!

60P+SAE TO SKETCHY,
146 EGLINTON RD. PLUMSTEAD,
LONDON, SE18 3SY
ALL CHEQUES/PO'S TO: P. BROWNE



O.K., O.K., O.K., OKOKOKOKOK, Mister Charles McFuck SUCK ON THIS shit
HEAR!
HEAR!
here
i sit
grouchier 'n a mofo.. 'n ready to buuuurrrrrmmnnnn.....
Smokin' cigarette after cigarette after cigarette... with (a) vengeance...
Like a non-stop lifeline...lung to lung
Nicotine stain up to the elbow
Mouth like an old leather purse (fulla wooden nickels...)
In the head an' heart an' bowels an' heels of the week
Wanna lock the doors; swallow the key; not utter a peep
NO
I live in the foolish pools of the 90% who shit in their own nest...
They've long since learned to SIT in it... I guess
People who live in ASSHOLES shouldn't throw stones
People who live in ASSHOLES shouldn't stow thrones
I'm bad and mean and mighty unclean... afraid of no-one 'cept the man
With the divining rod... fuck you, baby.....
Complaining bout ma cam-pain for ma personal decency
I don't pretend excuses bee-cause all them rules is MINE
Them rules is wrapped in BAR-BED WIRE-laced with busted glass...
WHAT'S MINE IST MEIN

KILLER STILL AT LARGE.....

FUCKYOUBABY
I don't like what eyesee and eye wears glasses thik as milkbottles
Every step a pupil takes is on the bridge of sighs..
Trippin' over cataracts like folds of sewerflesh
Centipede in tinseltown just stepped in a pile of fucking JEWFAT
BLACK FUCKING JEWGLUE ON SHOE NUMBER ON WRIST
INGROWN FOREHEADS TO THE LEFT OF ME-INGROWN FOREHEADS TO THE RIGHT OF ME
IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IT'S BEATING ROUND THE GODDAMN BUSH
AND I'M ON MY WAY TO BEING A QUEER BASHER WATCHMEJUSTFUCKINGWATCHM
E***AND NO JURY FUCKING WORLD--
NO JURY IN THE FUCKING WORLD COULD CONVICT ME!!!
tarzan on a rumble.....d'ya feel lucky, punk?
CHRIST THESE VOICES ARE DRIVING ME INSANE PLEASE DRIVE THOSE FUCKS OUTA
MAHOUSE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
if you spent half the time you do with theory you'd find you'd made
your practice perfect.
past won't make future happen/money don't make world go round/
PUT YOUR TRUNCHEON WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS BEFORE I PUT MY FOOT IN IT
OFF THE SOAPBOX/INTO THE DIRTBOX/FUCKYOUFUCKER
IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT GET OFF MY GODDAMN STOVE DON'T TELL ME...
...WHAT I ALREADY KNOW

I'LL DISCIPLINE OTHERS SO DON'T REMIND ME IF I CAN'T DISCIPLINE MYSELF,
--MOTHERFUCKER!!!!!!
IT IS BASE BORING AND INSULTING TO ASK ME TO ENDURE YET ANOTHER DAY
OF THIS FUCKING FUCKING LIFE, "LIFE" , LIFE RITUAL. MUST I REALLY LOOK
LOWER (!) THAN YOUR COMMON DE-FUCKIN-NOMINATOR?????SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
IT'S CASTRATION, IT'S CASTOR OIL, IT'S OILY, GREASY & NONE TOO FUCKING EASY.
GIMME A FUCKING BREAK. START AT THE NECK
chain smoker on a chain gang..bruisein bloodeyed black & blue
I've waged a secret war and the enemy is YOU..
I'M A BRANDED MAN..I AIN'T BLANDED, MAAN don't expect no apology, YOU FUCK
yours, J.G. THIRLWELL
c/o Sado, Massachusetts

--GO DIE-----

The physical, social and emotional needs of a person need to be tied up into a unified whole and at present we all too often fail to do this adequately.

"It's just rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic", John Smith (LAB) in optimistic mood after the cabinet re-shuffle.

PERSONNEL FOR THIS ISSUE HAVE BEEN: Edd Sickles & Kaz
Dominic Morris and the Marguettes. Barry Powell
Timmy The Dog (i will get in touch, honest). POG
Jim Thirlwell (sorry Jim). Rich extremely brightly etc
Zak the Crack. Sam. Declan. The Dairies...

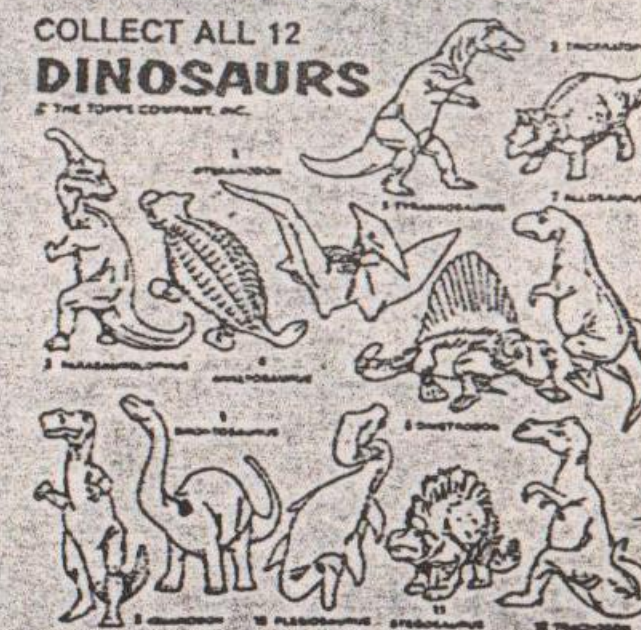


EDIBLE POP STARS
NUMBER 673
CHUTNEY HOUSTON



I..WANNA DANCE
WITH
SOMEBODY

the kids



No surrender

Paris — Two Japanese soldiers who refused to surrender to British forces in 1945 have been discovered in the jungle on the border between Thailand and Malaysia, according to reports reaching Paris, writes Patrick Marnham.

The two men have been fighting for the last 40 years beside their former enemies, a band of Malay Chinese Communist bandits.

Late report

Moscow (Reuter) — More than 20 people were crushed to death outside a Moscow ice hockey stadium in 1975 when a crowd ran after a bus carrying Canadians who were throwing chewing gum from the windows, *Izvestia* said yesterday.

Computer crime

Paris (Reuters) — As a result of a computer error, 41,000 Parisians received letters charging them with murder, extortion and organised prostitution instead of fining them for traffic offences. Now, 41,000 apologies are on their way.

MR X MR X

MR X MR X MR X

MR X MR X MR X

'DARTH VADAR' PC ASSAULTED

16-11-88

A HOLIDAYMAKER found standing on his head against a nightwatchman's hut and chanting "I want freedom" thought that two policemen were Darth Vader characters come to take him to his doom, Newquay magistrates heard.

John Regan, 27, of Forester Street, Netherfield, was under the influence of magic mushrooms at the

time, said Mr Mike Gregson, defending.

"He thought the officers were going to take him away and exterminate him for being over the age of 20 years."

Regan admitted assaulting Insp Eric Dawe and unlawful possession of cannabis resin. He was fined a total of £175 with £84.99 compensation and £35 costs.

MICROBIOLOGY CONTROLLED PRODUCT

SEOMACH STOMACH STOMACH.

PUTTING IT ALTOGETHER... ALL THE FILTH, ALL THE SCUM IT'S ALL FLOATING UP. LISTEN TO ME... MY WORDS MEAN NOTHING AND EVERYTHING... THEY ARE EMPTY DRUMS, BASH ON THEM... SMASH BASH CRASH.

ALL THE CLEVERNESS IS ALL CRAP. ALL THE TRUTH IS LIES. ALL THE LIES ARE LIES. EVERYTHING IS SOMETHING ELSE. EVERYTHING IS TRUE.

I AM A HEAD LUNGS, A FEET A STOMACH A PRICK A VAGINA, ANYTHING I WANT, EVERYTHING AT ALL... WE ARE UNCLASSIFIABLE. THERE IS GOOD EVIL, WOMAN MAN, HUMAN NON-HUMAN. IN ALL OF US. ONLY WHEN WE RECOGNISE OUR COMPLEXITY CAN WE FULLY REALISE OUR OWN POSSIBILITIES.

WE ALL THINK WE'RE SO BLOODY CLEVER BUT THE WORLD OF HUMAN BEINGS IS ALL MADE UP OF LITTLE BITS OF MEAT... WE ARE CONTROLLABLE BY FUCK AND BY KILL AND BY EAT. BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF... REALISE THE STARK HORROR AND STRANGENESS OF EXISTENCE & THEN THE LOVE AND GENEROSITY AND JOY OF EXISTENCE CAN COME THROUGH THE WORLD IS EAT AND BE EATEN... BUT A LITTLE, COS NOTHING REALLY MATTERS. LOVE A LITTLE, COS NOTHING'S WORTH HATING. WE OWN NOTHING, SO GIVE AND SHARE.

THE WORLD IS UGLY. THE WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL. SAY: "I AM THE WALKING STOMACH AND EVERYTHING IS GONNA BE ALRIGHT"

© 1989 THE POWELL CORP

END

HYPEVILLE II

WARNING: THIS IS NOT A 'CONSUME' FREE ZONE

BACK ISSUES

COPIES OF ISSUES:
28.27.26.25
24.23.22.16

STILL AVAILABLE

10p + SAE OR YOUR CHOICE OF BACK ISSUE WITH EACH T-SHIRT ORDERED TO

LT. 148 HUMBER ROAD SOUTH. BEESTON, NOTTY, NG9 2EX

T-SHIRTS READY SHOCK

YES MY CHILDREN LOBSTER-TELEPHONE T-SHIRTS ARE NOW IN PRODUCTION XXL SHIRTS IN BLACK OR WHITE WITH OPPOSITE COLOUR PRINT AND BACKPRINT.

FRONT: THIS ISSUES FRONT COVER
BACK: YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIME ZONES THERE ARE IN THE SOVIET UNION?



HUGE

£4

ALTERNATIVELY BRING YOUR OWN SHIRT & WE'LL PRINT IT FOR £1.50 INC POST & PACK

THANKS ROSIE ROSENBERG • ME DAD • GIBSON J. HAYNES • CLINT • LEE 'SCRATCH UNION JACK' PERRY • NOTTY FOLK • YOU LOT

ISSUE ONE OUT NOW 25p & SAE

Once upon a time... in a city, that wasn't really a city...

THE SHOES OF



10 WELLESLEY ST. ST1 4NW
Revenge of the Phillipino stileto!

Fun, frolics & dolphins

We will steal your minds



Annals of

h i t s

It was not until I woke up in hospital with a suspected skull fracture and several stitches over one eye that I acknowledged I should try to get help.

WILL YOU excuse me for a moment while I go up to the next floor and have hysterics?

(this, of course, assumes that you think mine are interesting!)

1. Do Not write about what you've been doing recently; rather, avoid it completely.
2. Unless, that is, it's actually very weird, and hence likely to be of interest to someone, somewhere.
3. Try Not To stay on the point. Wander away, drift, trip, ramble and only return five or so pages later.
4. Occasionally do something utterly pointless and time-consuming in the letter; make no reference to it in the text.
5. Try To Avoid book reviews. Unless, of course, it's something very influential or/and (preferably) very weird.
6. There Is No Number Six. I Am Not A Number, I Am A Free Man.
7. Be Cynical About Everything: rant for hours, and then deflate your whole argument with two or three carefully-chosen words.
8. Change The Subject as often as possible. Certainly, a whole page on one subject is probably excessive. Well, possibly.
9. Always Be Certain for several paragraphs; then deflate the whole thing once more with certain exquisitely-cutting phrases. Or perhaps not.
10. Be Yourself, but make damned sure that that self is someone else's. Preferably several someone else's.
11. Ignore All Advice. Confused? You will be.

The One That Got Away

JOHANNA and Sally are meeting to decide on their next episode. They have had countless adventures together in the past, but Sally feels like a change!

GOSH SALLY, I DO ENJOY OUR STORIES. THEY ARE ALWAYS SO EXCITING.

OH COME OF IT JOHANNA, THEY ARE FULL OF NOTHING BUT PETTY JEALOUSY AND RIVALRIES I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD ENOUGH

THEY MAKE BOARDING SCHOOL SOUND LIKE ENDLESS FUN AND EXCITEMENT, THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT BEING DOMINATED OR JUST WANTING TO BE ALONE

BUT RIDING PONIES AND DOING GYMNASTICS IS SUCH SUPER FUN

BUT DONT YOU SEE THESE EPISODES LEAD STRAIGHT INTO SLOPPY ROMANCE STORIES FOR OLDER GIRLS. WE'LL BE APPEARING IN THEM NEXT

OF COURSE THEY DONT. ANYWAY WHO'S INTERESTED IN BOYS? HOCKEY AND NETBALL ARE MUCH BETTER

Then -

I THINK WHAT I WANT IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY ALTOGETHER. BUT WHERE WOULD IT BEGIN AND HOW WOULD IT END?

POOR SALLY. BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HER!!

Later -

The End

Johanna is confused.....

I WONDER WHAT'S UP WITH SALLY? PERHAPS SHE'S UPSET BECAUSE MISS TEMPLE ONLY PICKED HER AS RESERVE FOR THE NET BALL TEAM

Nothing Like a nice cup of tea...

Nothing like a nice cup of tea

bying gasps of sanity from a society in the last stages of decay. Social structure has all but disintegrated leaving blank-eyed atoric wasteland. Nothing grows but stunted, yellow, creeping weeds, tearing apart pavements, returning the earth to a state of post-nuclear nature, bastardised.

Extracts from diary found in the Waste Land (Author unknown)

All food cultured in hydroponic tanks, soil too dangerous they say. It's a crime to grow your own food now, irresponsible anyway, put you & your family in danger, & we all get sufficient. Global do a wonderful job. I've heard that Iceland is now producing enough Marijuana for everyone in Russia, America & Europe, and it's all exploitation free, all done by machine. Can you imagine, six people to farm the whole of Iceland? The natives get free dope, I've heard they're all very happy. Fresh food is non-existent, except on the black market, not worth it except for medicines-medicines only available to upper skill levels.

All lines of communication pass through data control central, re-routed through imagination detectors. Good job too I say, we just can't afford people going off on flights of fancy, not with the way things are. It'd be irresponsible.

Climate control functioning to a limited degree now, avoiding the most savage electrical storms, but people I know at Global Weather tell me that the damage to the atmosphere is irreversible. (Don't mention it to anyone but they're worried about quakes, those tectoral plates sure took a bashing when they tried to control the rising sea level. Tried to drill right into the earth's mantle so they say- though you don't know what's true & what's not nowadays.

They took the man from next door the other day, shame really, he was a nice old fella, but that's the way it is now. The old people grew up when things were different, most of them don't manage to adjust. I asked the agent what he'd done. He wouldn't tell me at first-non standard procedure-but the he said "Don't worry, he'll get to the twilight Island first", he must have been a voluntary, you see, Global simply can't feed everyone, so we have to have the volunteers. They send them to the farewell island for a three week "bliss out", "the ultimate leisure experience", then just a few drugs in the morning tea & that's it. Nothing like a nice cup of tea to take your troubles away.

P.S. Strange but true-Prostitution is illegal but politics isn't.

1. Launches of the space shuttle account for 2% of the

degradation of

the ozone layer

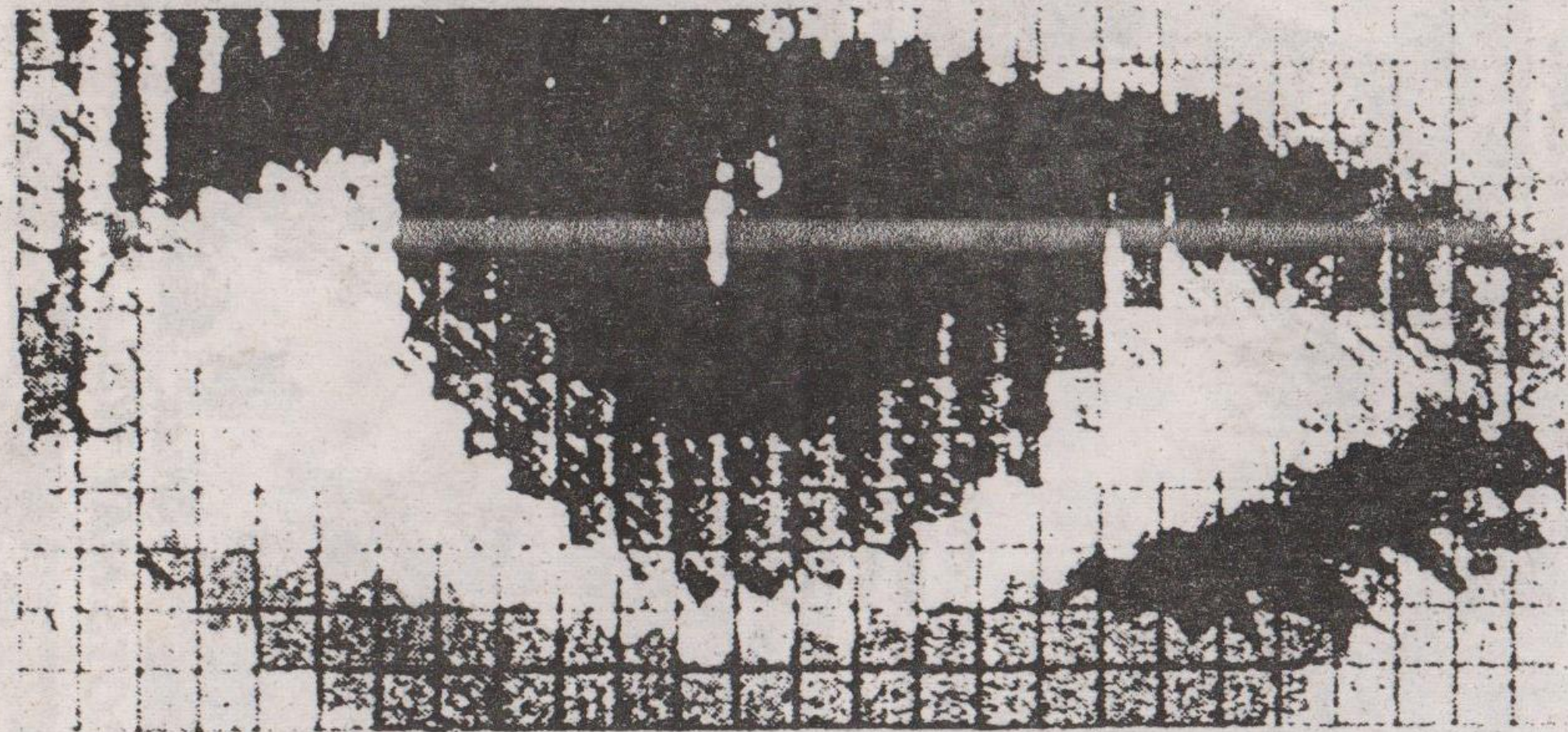
2. Tomatoes grown outdoors

have done as well as those grown in

greenhouses this year

THESE FACTS MAY WELL BE RELATED

Blind Eye Sees ALL.....



The Truth as WE KNOW it!!

NEW! FROM HP

(WELL, MOST FOOD COMPANIES)



GUARANTEED NO BAKED BEANS, NERDS, DISPOSABLE NAPPIES (IN FACT ANYTHING GOOD FOR YOU)

SOON NEW CRISPY BACON HIV+ FLAVOUR

WHEN YOU TAKE AWAY POWER FROM THE MEMBERS OF A SOCIETY, THEN YOU SHOULDN'T BE SURPRIZED AND OUTRAGED WHEN THEY TRY TO 'REGAIN' SOME OF THE POWER THEY DESERVE, IN THE EASIEST WAY THEY CAN

"I BET I CAN GET ON THE NEWS AS WELL"



To be free....

"Freedom is a road, seldom travelled by the multitudes"

Well he was nearly right. Freedom is a dirt track (if that), that the odd antelope may have wandered along before getting eaten by some large predatory animal. Freedom can only exist as a concept, an ideal, no-one can ever be free, as freedom entails so much. One can be free of something, free of work, free of imprisonment (mental or physical) but not FREE full stop. Life is too dependent on interaction, with people things, places etc. To have a life, is to have some kind of commitment.

Pirahna press have come up with a batch of new titles & all the ones I've read so far have been real good, ETC is an expensive hardcover tale of cloning & people living through their video machines, the layout & art are cool & on the whole it's confusing & compelling. BEAUTIFUL STORIES FOR UGLY CHILDREN (pirahna) is a definite 'new' (old) idea that works real well. Its an illustrated short story rather than a comic, the best so far being the Hunter S Thompson-ish first issue, where a bunch of clowns go tearing up the countryside in their car. DC gave us SKREEMER (how long ago?) and....

I can't find anything particularly wrong with it but it just doesn't impress me that much. Small Timers AIRCEL have tried to cash in on BLACK KISS's success with their badly drawn, horribly written exploitative piece of comic book porn LEATHER & LACE which really is SHIT. It pisses me off, AIRCELL once dropped a good title BLOODLINES, because the language was a bit strong & because it dealt with 'adult' themes, but now they bring out the cheap (not the price) nasty porn book, and why, money that's why, as if I needed to tell you. AVOID IT LIKE SYPHILIS MATE. DC's Lex Luther biog was a good little read as was the first ish in the new colour Aliens series. Other goodies are the two part JUSTICE INC (not to be missed at all!) and the bloody amazing stuff that's goin on in AKIRA these days, and the absolutely perfect artwork.

SWAMP THING's been a bit iffy of late, although the annual was great, but his old mate John Constantine's been kicking serious ass in HELLBZAZER. well, there you go..

WE DON'T MEAN TO ENTERTAIN, JUST CONFOUND, WE TRY NOT TO EDUCATE, WE'RE MORE ABOUT CONFUSION THE POINT IS MORE INTERROGATION THAN INFORMATION... I WANT YOU TO GET THIS BELOVED



GENUINE

LOVE

Does it Really Hurt Anyone?

Now I was in a strange place. There had been a change. In who back.

© The battle between reason and instinct had already started.

© No. They were the same, but different.

© Tried so hard, so very hard, how could there be a way?

© The faces were now different...

© I wanted truth. I wanted knowledge. Or. Both alien to me.

© It was the destruction of emotions; morality as timidity.

© No turning back.

© WHY ARE YOU SO HAPPY, EDDIE?

© BECAUSE I'VE FOUND A WAY OF UNLOCKING MY CAPITAL

© I'VE HAD AN EFF PLEASE

© RUPERT

Wimbledon '89

Am! The sign of the crossed snow shoes can mean only one thing - TENNIS IS BACK! So you can all watch your fave wacky dudes, Des & Gerry. Here's a script that didn't quite make the air!

(PICTURE THE SCENE - THE DES & GERRY SHOW - CUE BANAL MUSAK & SWITCH TO HAPPY SMILING FACES OF THE TWO STARS, DES "BUSHY TASH" LYNAM & GERRY "GOD IS WITH ME" WILLIAMS. CUE CRAT!)

DES: Welcome to Ogle..sorry..Match Of The Day, and what a one we have for you tonight eh Gerry?

GEZ: Yes indeed Des. A rare treat for the viewers with a discerning eye. I couldn't believe my eyes - it was such an honour to be on court wasn't it?

DES: Quite, and all captured on tape too.

GEZ: Ladies Day always turns up some surprises and this was a big one. A treat for all those like myself who are great fans of the girls circuit. I know that I'll be asking the producer for a copy of the magic moment for my personal collection.

DES: Me too Gerry but that's for later for now here's the match of the day

(PICTURE A REALLY DULL GAME PLAYED ALL FROM THE BASELINE WHICH PUTS YOU TO SLEEP)

DES: Great game, and now she's through to the last thirty two. But now to the moment you've all been waiting for, that everyone is talking about. Today on one of the outside courts the lovely little Yugoslav girl, Monica Seles, tragically had her knicker elastic snap on her. The drawers dropped, she stumbled and there she was for all to see.

GEZ: A lovely moment, ranking up there with the time when John McEnroe ate the bird that was always staying on the net cord.

DES: And the time that a ferret got on court and went straight for Gabriella Sabatini's skirt. On to have been the ferret!

GEZ: Yes indeed Des, but now we have today's moment ready, on tape. Just sit back and relax, and enjoy. Could you pass the tissues please Des?

DES: Wait your turn Gerry. Roll VT!

(A FEW MOMENTS AND A CRIST JOB LATER...)

GEZ: Yes indeed, it was a lovely moment. For a fifteen year old she was showing a great maturity way above her years.

DES: Quite Gerry. And I must admit that it's the first time that I've heard it called a maturity. Very nice too it was.

GEZ: Yes indeed Des. There's always a career in the movies or modelling if she decides against tennis.

DES: I've been talking with all the other guys in the commentary team, and they were all saying how its one they will cherish. Anyway let's move on to that silly bit where we send Gerry behind the scenes of the courts to get the real lowdown on events. So what was it today Gerry?

GEZ: Quite funny actually Des. Today I was checking out the junior girls tournament, in which girls aged from ten to about fifteen compete. They all say that the girls are getting younger and I'm happy to say that its true. It was great to go behind the scenes into the changing and showering rooms. What a range of talent there is amongst them. There's a lovely bunch of very good Swedish girls this year.

DES: I heard that they all got knocked out in the first round.

GEZ: Yes indeed Des, but they are very good. I know cos I saw them in the shower. My pass the tissues again Des.

DES: Here you go Gerry. So these juniors, where are they going? Will they burn themselves out? Can they take it? Will they even want to?

GEZ: I don't care about the tennis Des but I talked half a dozen of them into coming around to my place tonight so I could show them the ins and outs of the tennis world. Fancy coming round? You, me and half a dozen twelve year old Swedes.

DES: Too good to miss. Count me in.

GERRY: Yes indeed Des.

(Des & Gerry walk off into the sunset with large smiles on their faces.)

WIMBLEDON '89 POST SCRIPT....

It has been said that the media is used to reinforce the norm - society and it's conformist line. If this is so it seems that child abuse is the norm. The Sun recently started showing pictures of it's Page 3 girls when they were CONSIDERABLY younger, and I always feel suspicious when I see leering old men going on about how lovely a thirteen year old looks when she's running about in a mini-skirt showing off her knickers. Child abuse is a crime, and maybe someone somewhere should try & clampdown on all this acceptance of it, however small it is. Why not make a serious attempt to stop child porn & stuff. Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it isn't a crime after all... I mean, I used to think that not paying your taxes was a crime....

AT "POG HALL"...



Extracts from the work "120 Days Of Sodom" by The Marquis De Sade

closeness

I type out poems to you ones I said would be the best when I wrote them and I hope you think so

I fold them and put your address on the back then the stamp now they have the closeness of my lick with words about you the atmosphere they create

While discussing people they have known:

"...all his joy consisted in eating expelled ovulations and in lapping up miscarriages; he would be informed whenever a girl found herself in that case, he would rush to the house and swallow the embryo, half swooning with satisfaction."

"THE 17TH.80. He immobilizes her head above a grill, lights a brisk fire and roasts her until she loses consciousness, embugging her steadily."

"THE 27TH.130. He must have a maiden brought to him, he slices off her clitoris with a razor, then deflowers her with a cylinder of heated iron, driving the device home with hammer blows."

KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

I have not put these passages in Lobster lightly, I know they're bound to offend some people, but the thing is, they are by no means the worst bits in the book. But the only way to do the work justice was to print some of it. I don't condone it, but I'm not ashamed to say that it interests me... The editor...

KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

PARACETAMOL TABLETS BP 500mg

KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

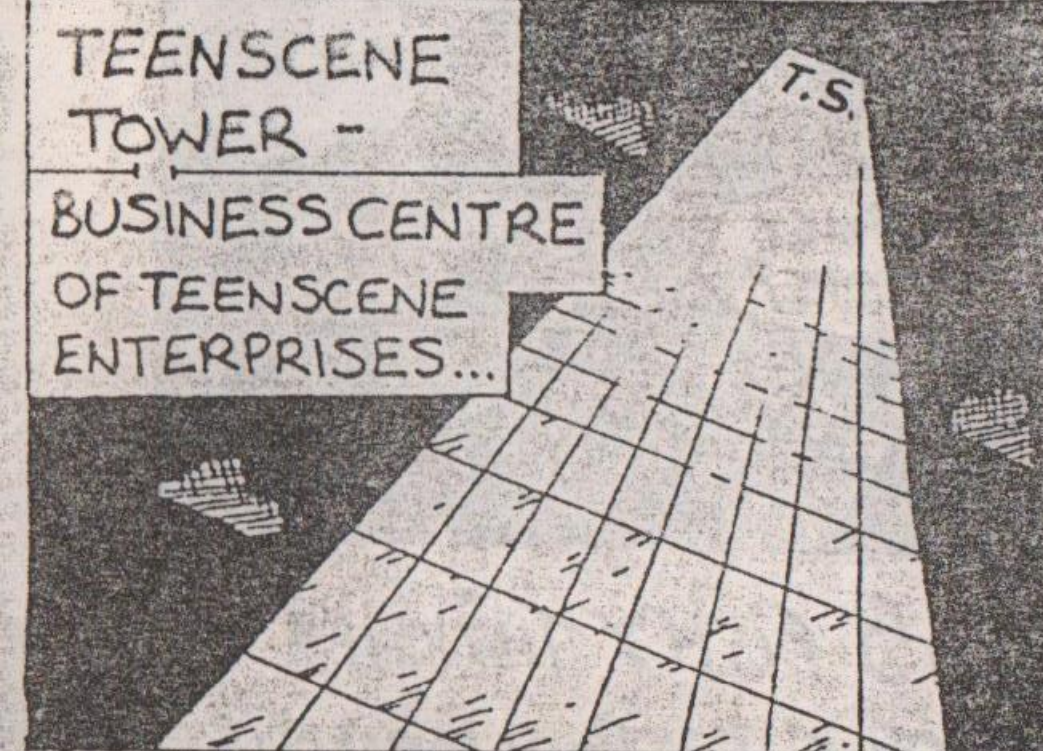
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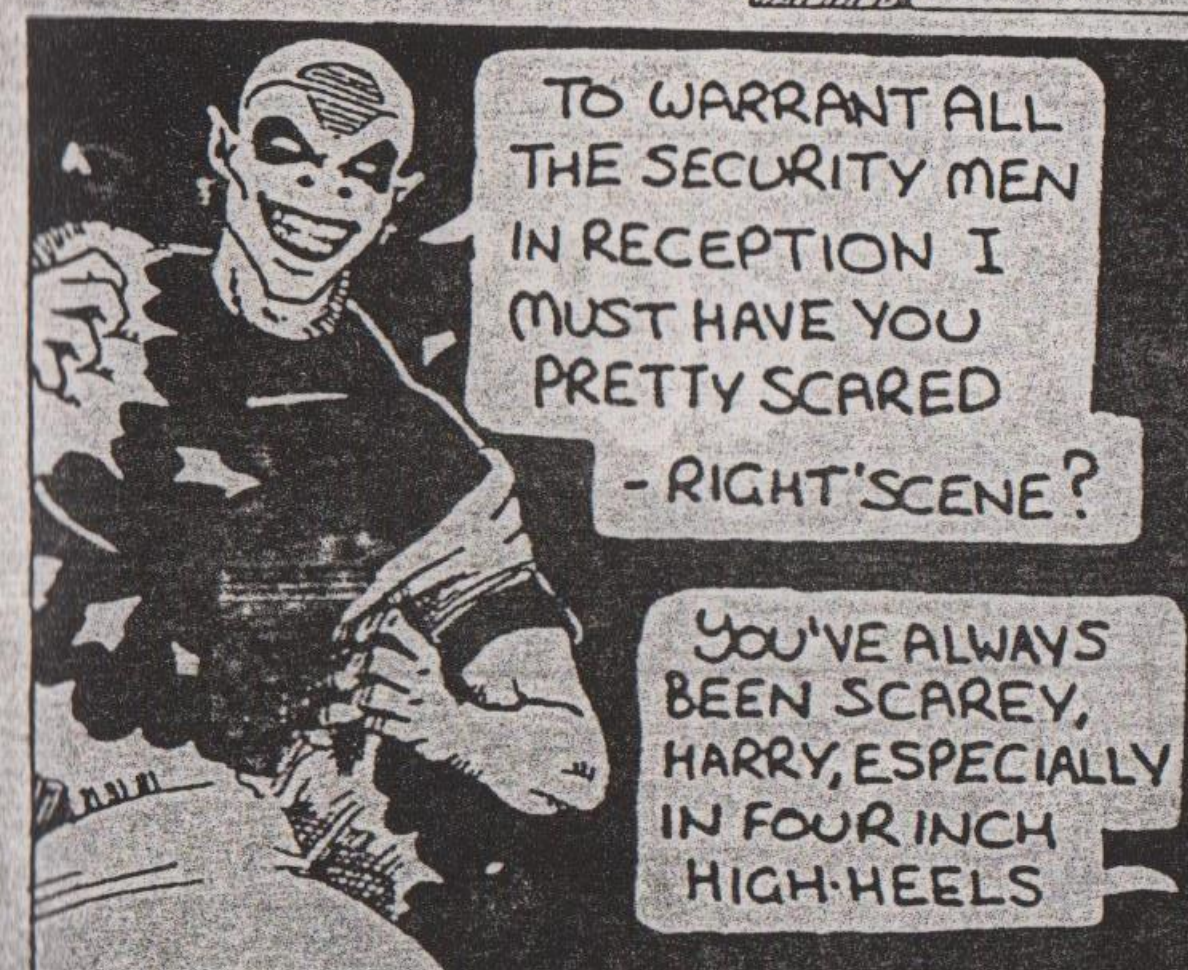
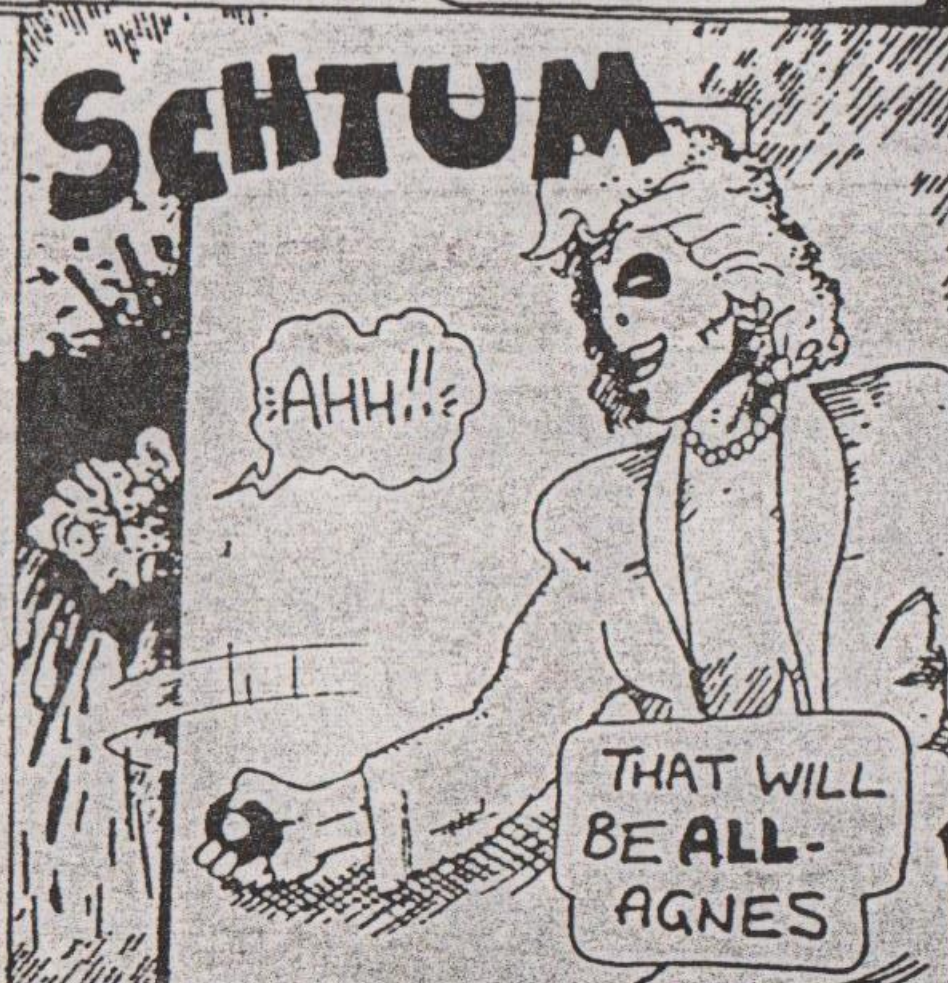
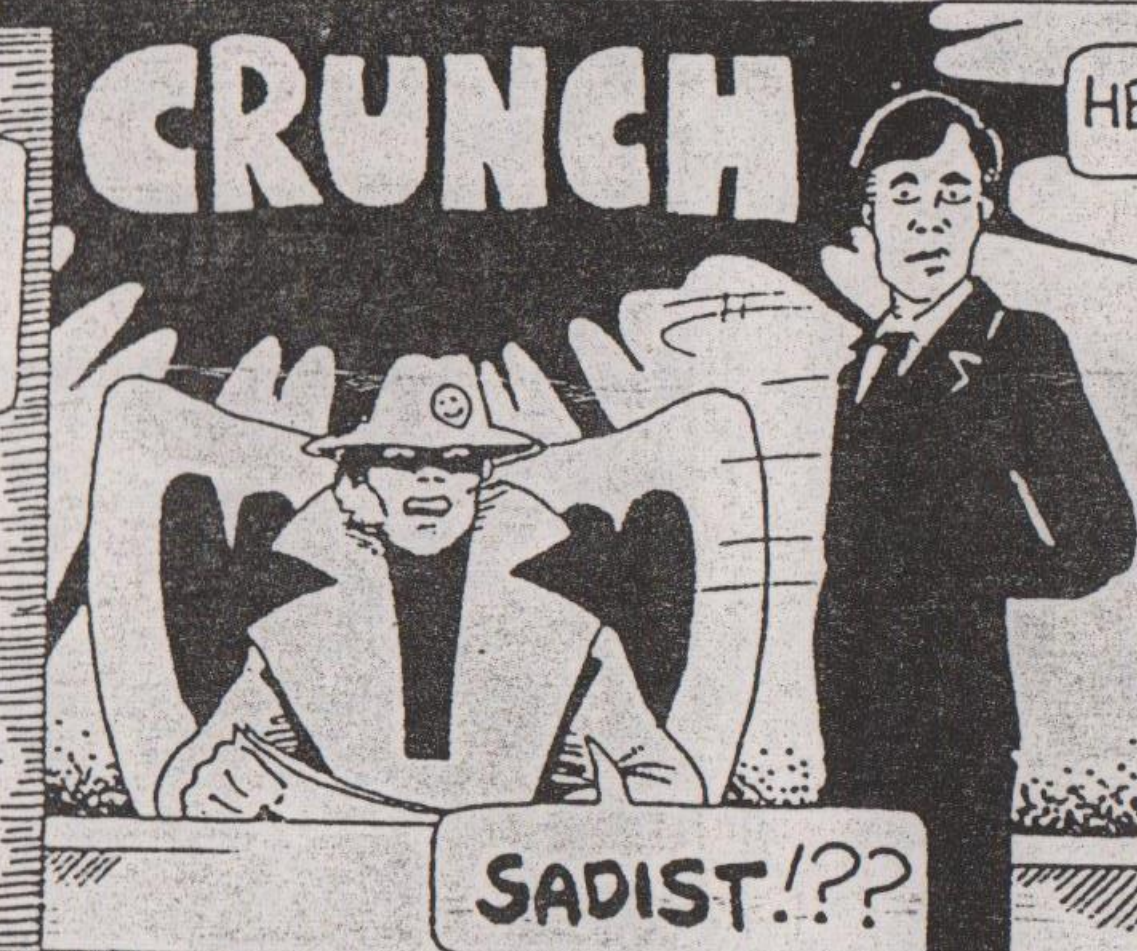
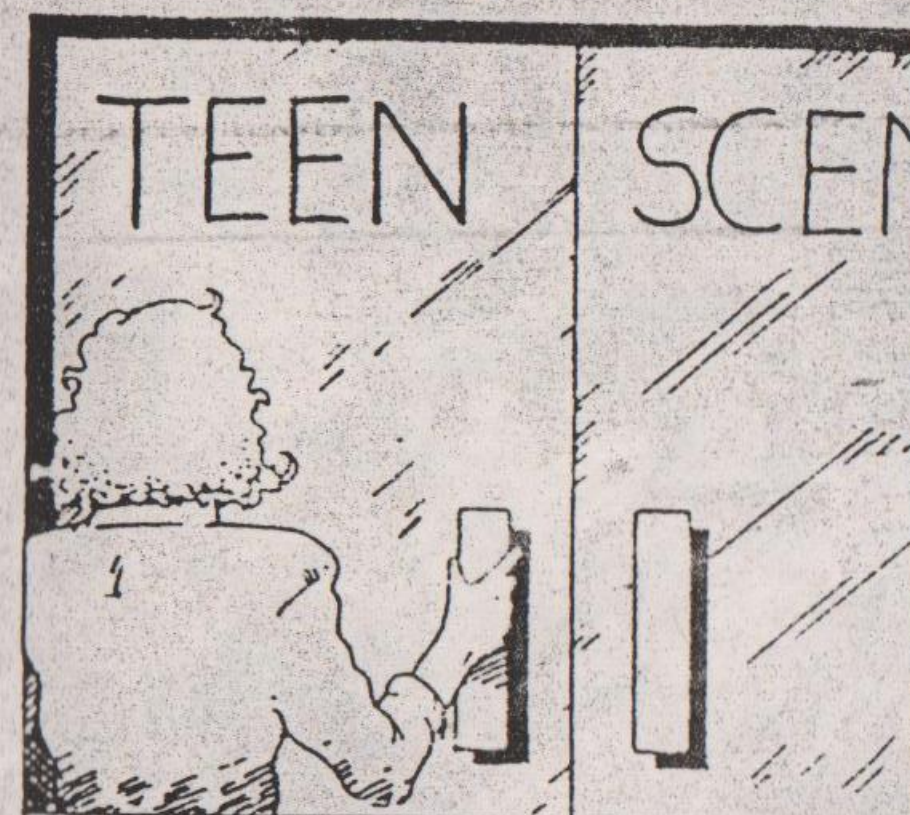
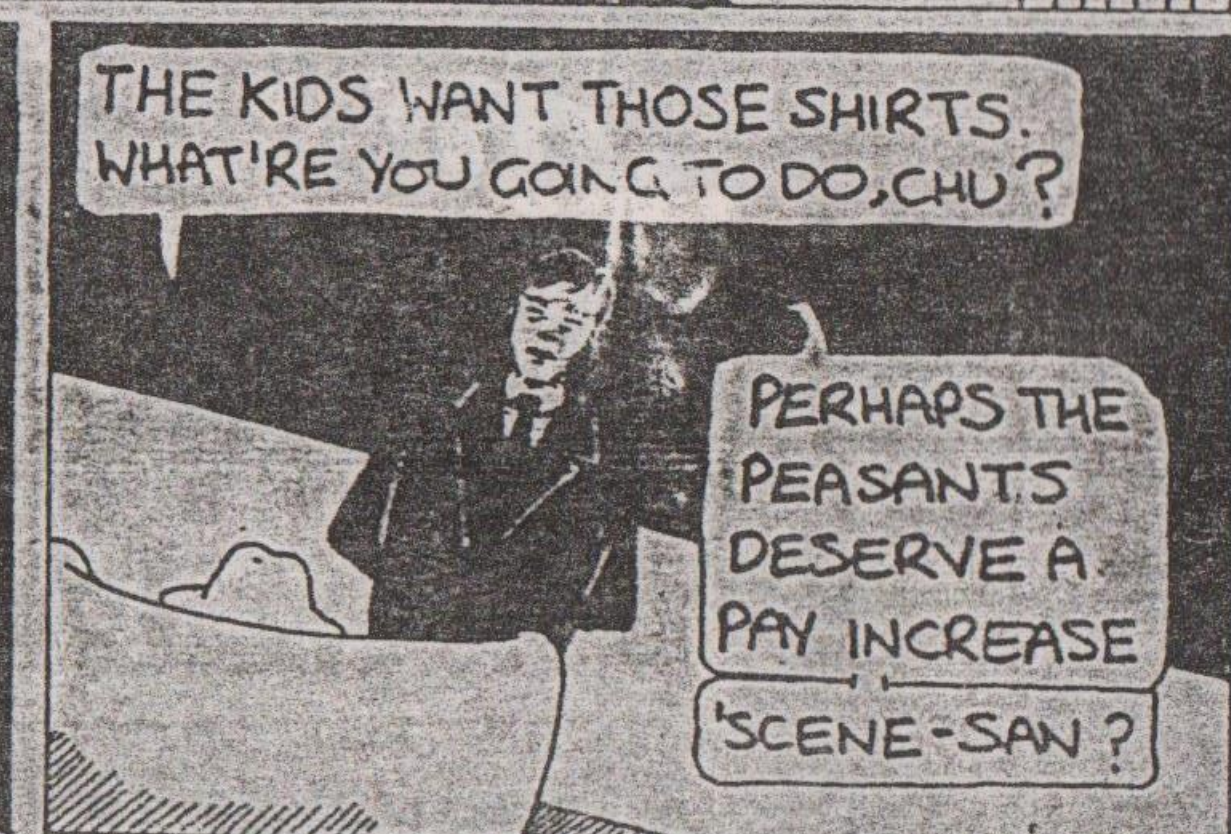
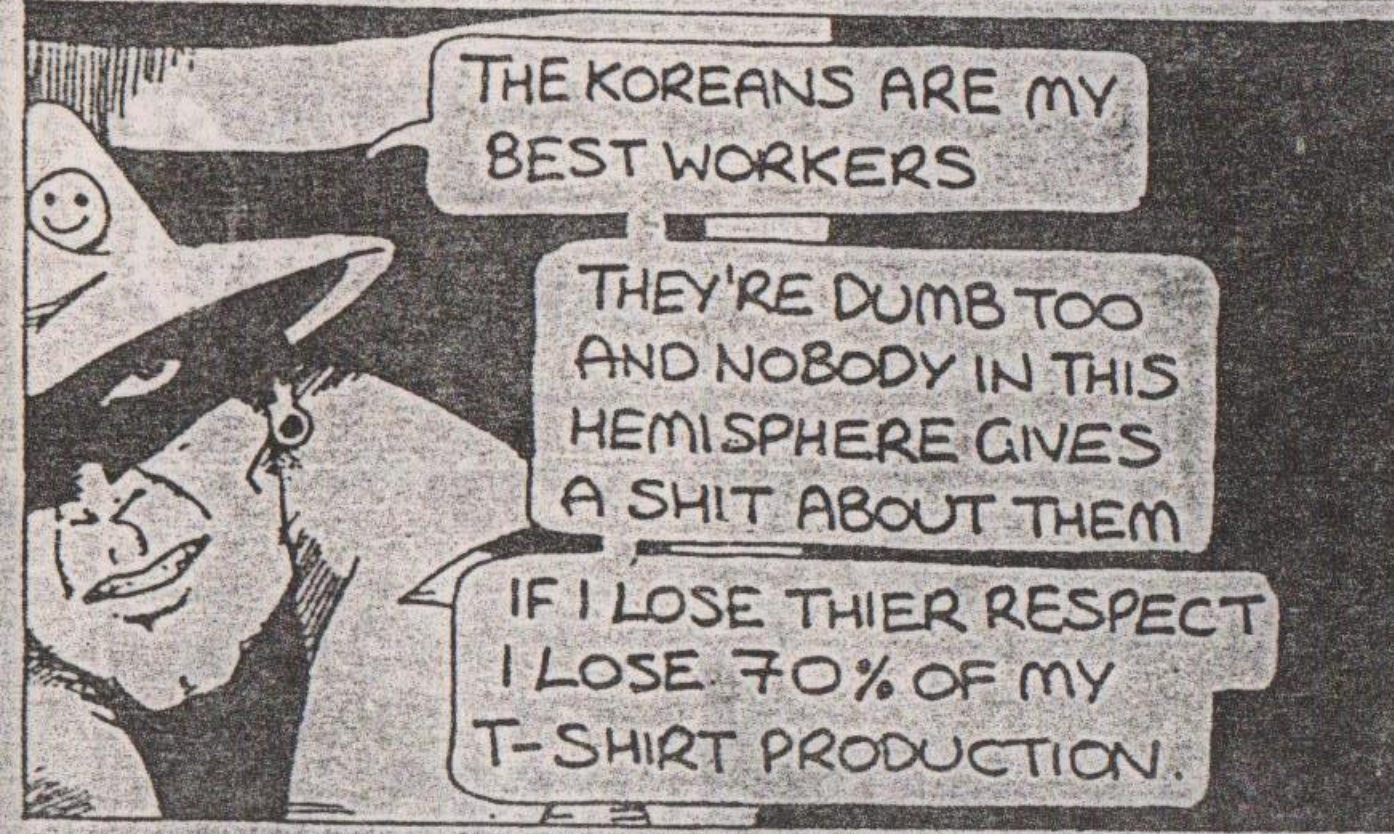
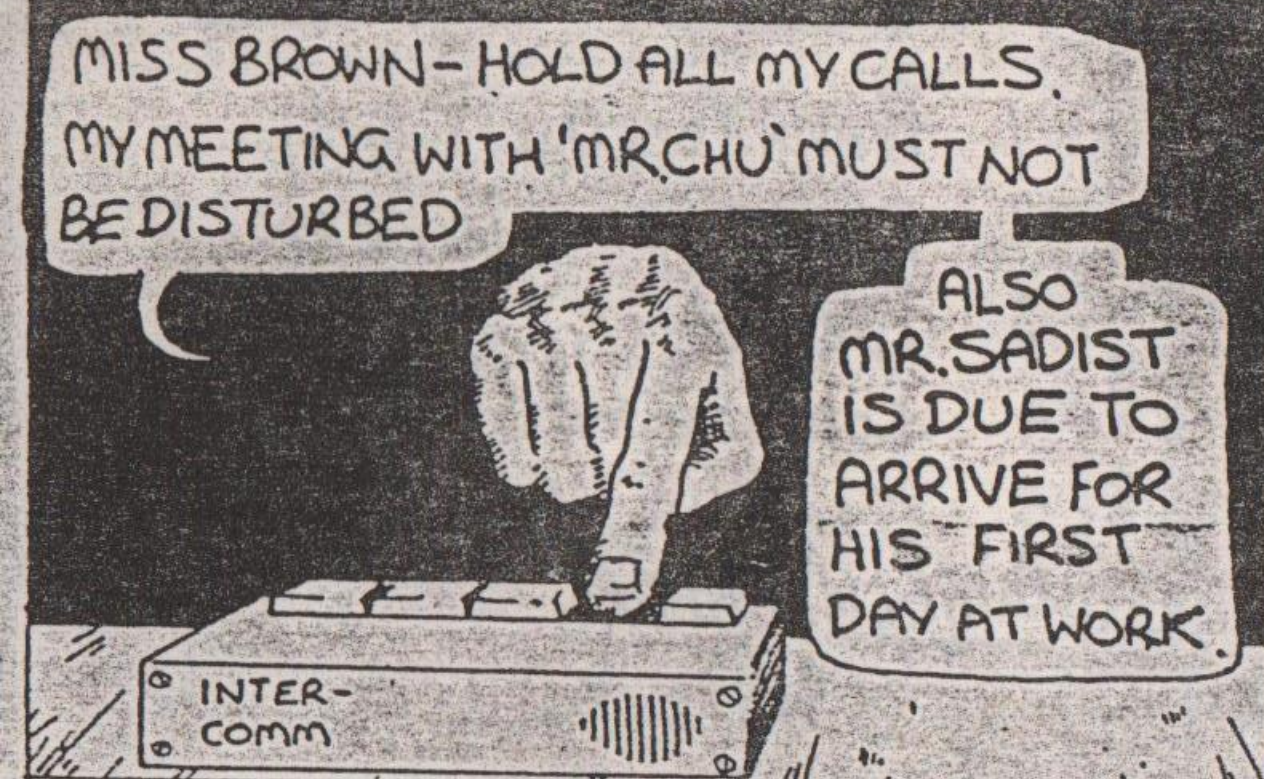
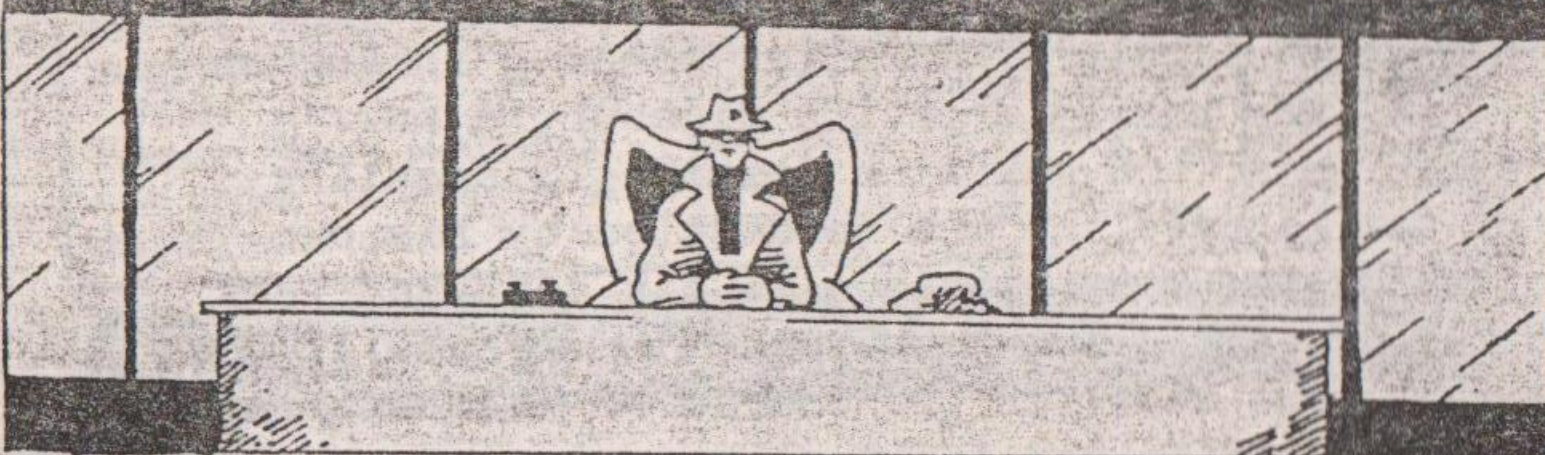
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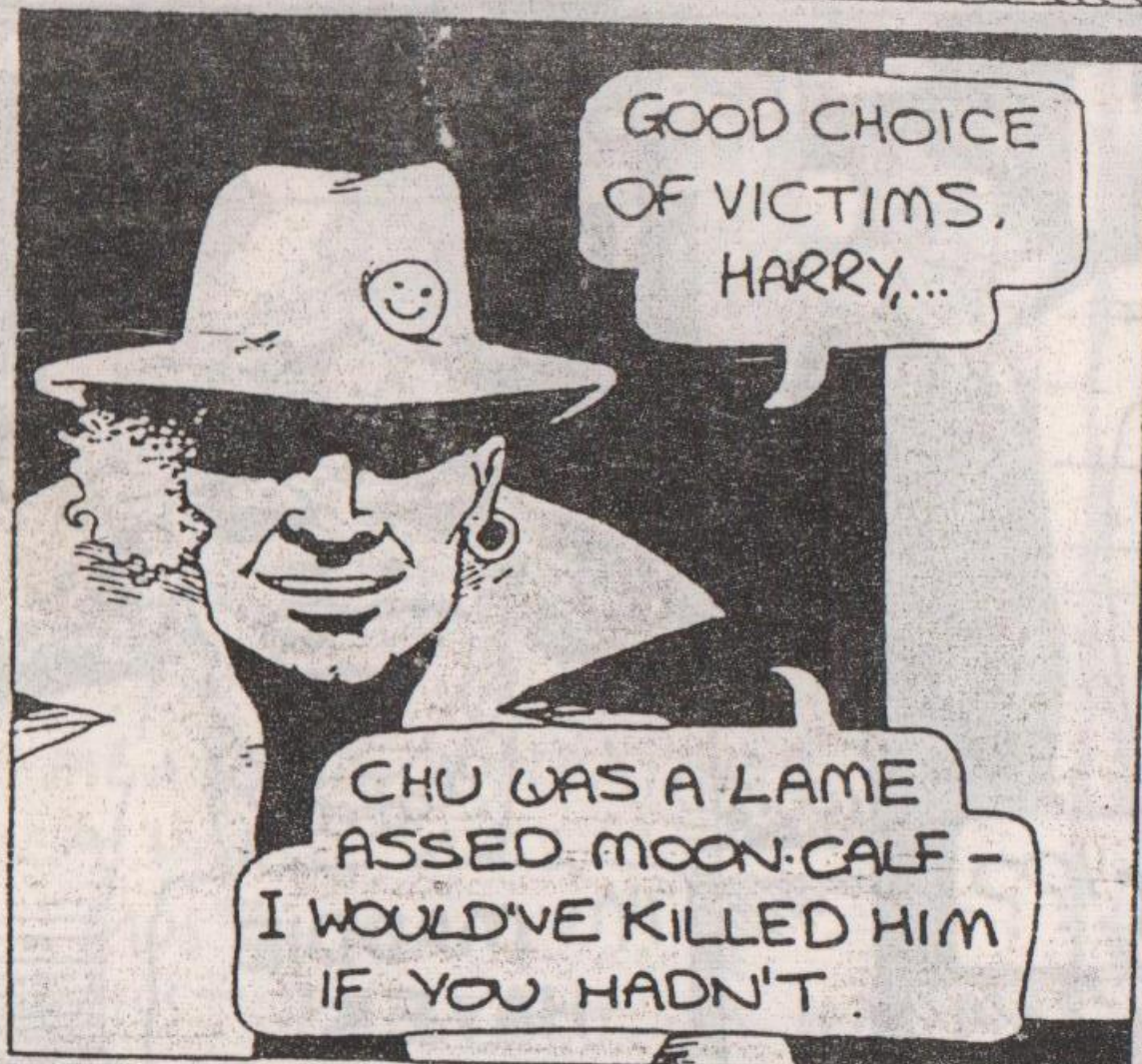
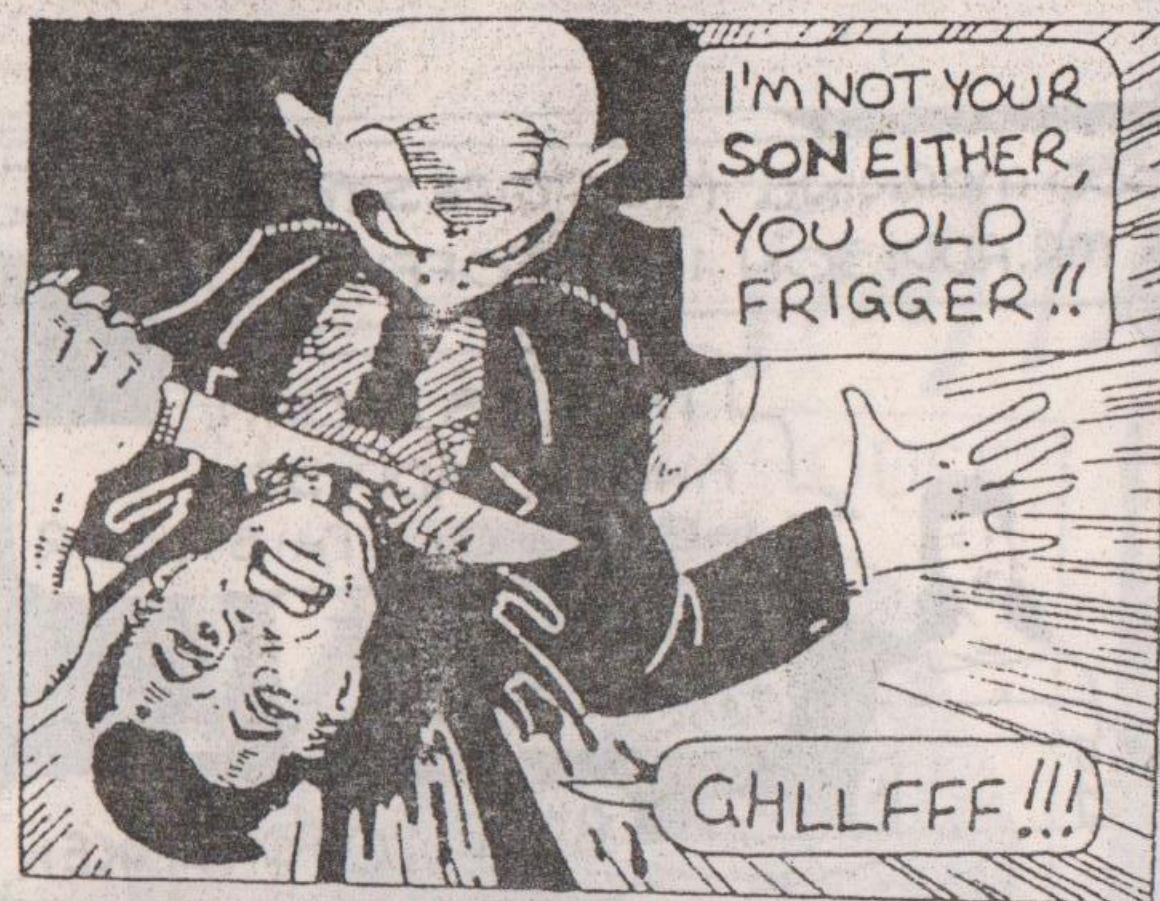
THE MORGUE

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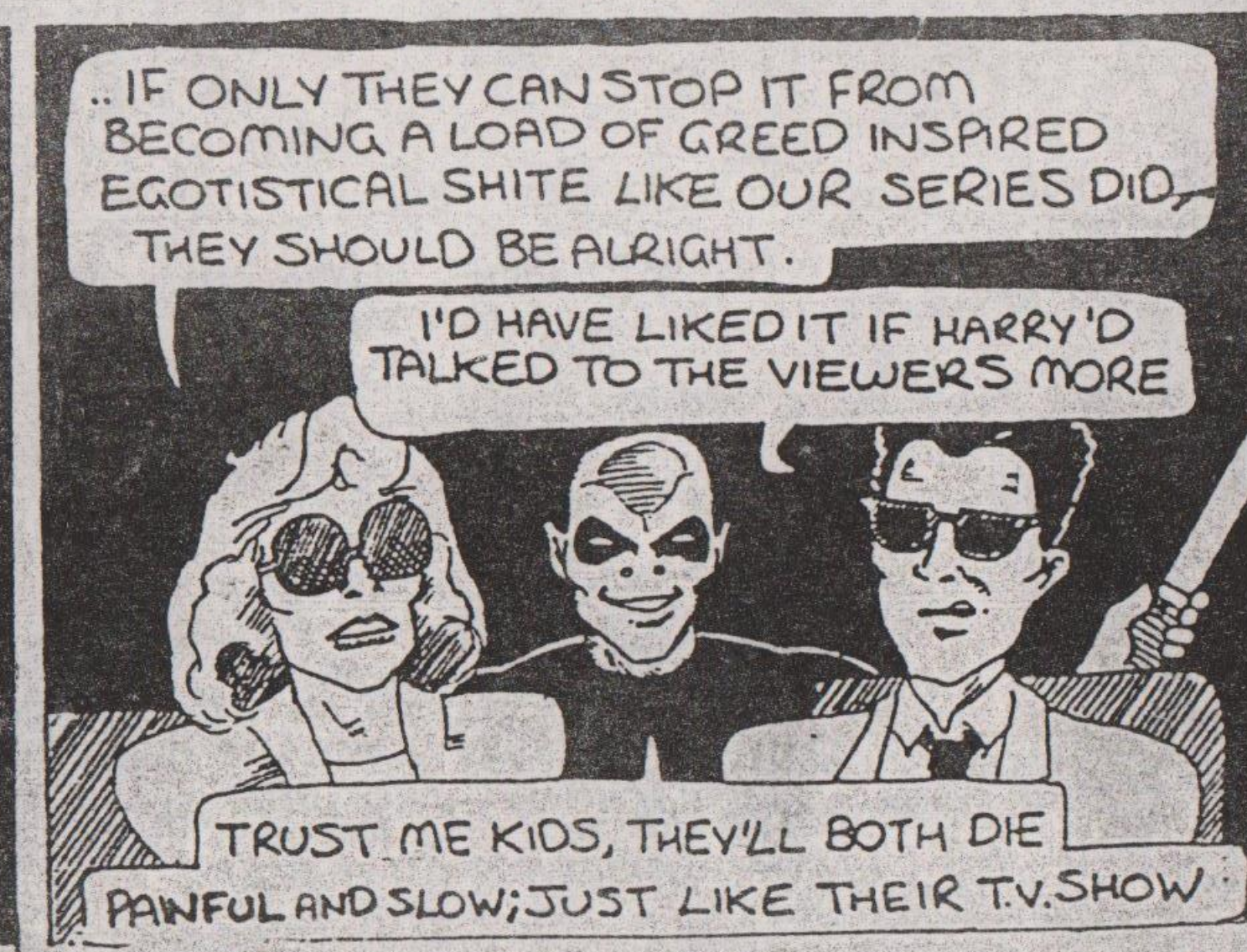
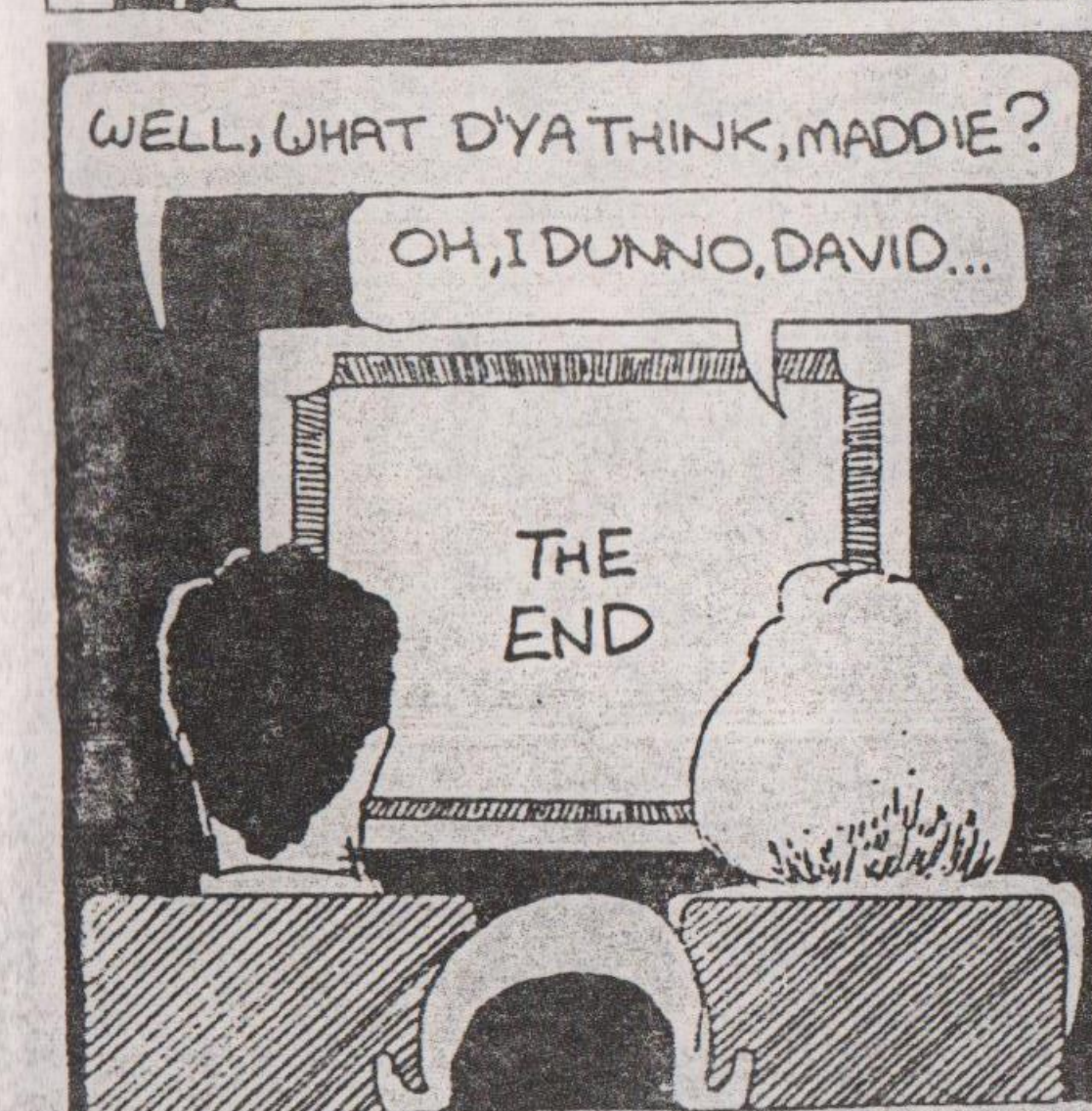
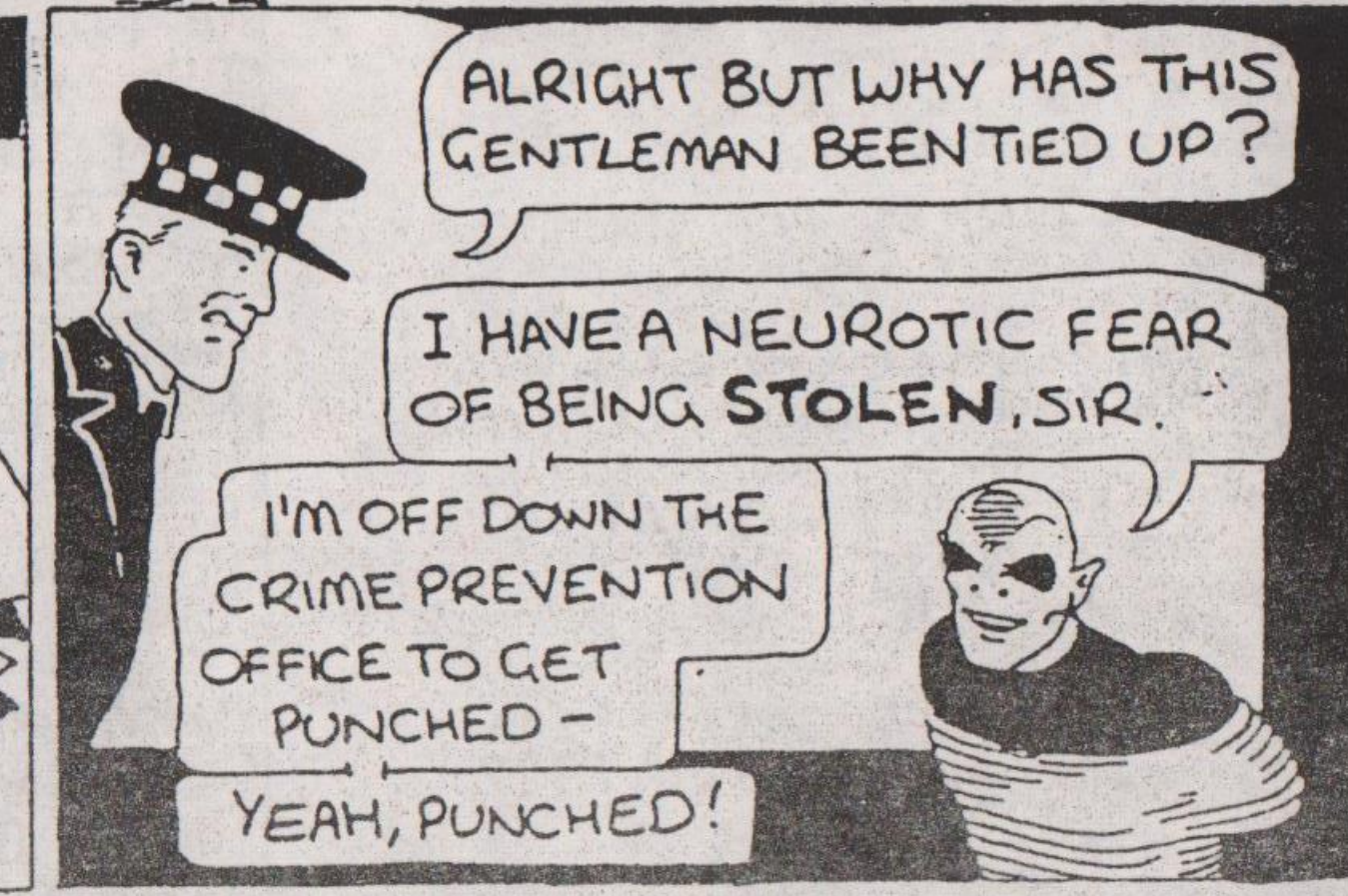
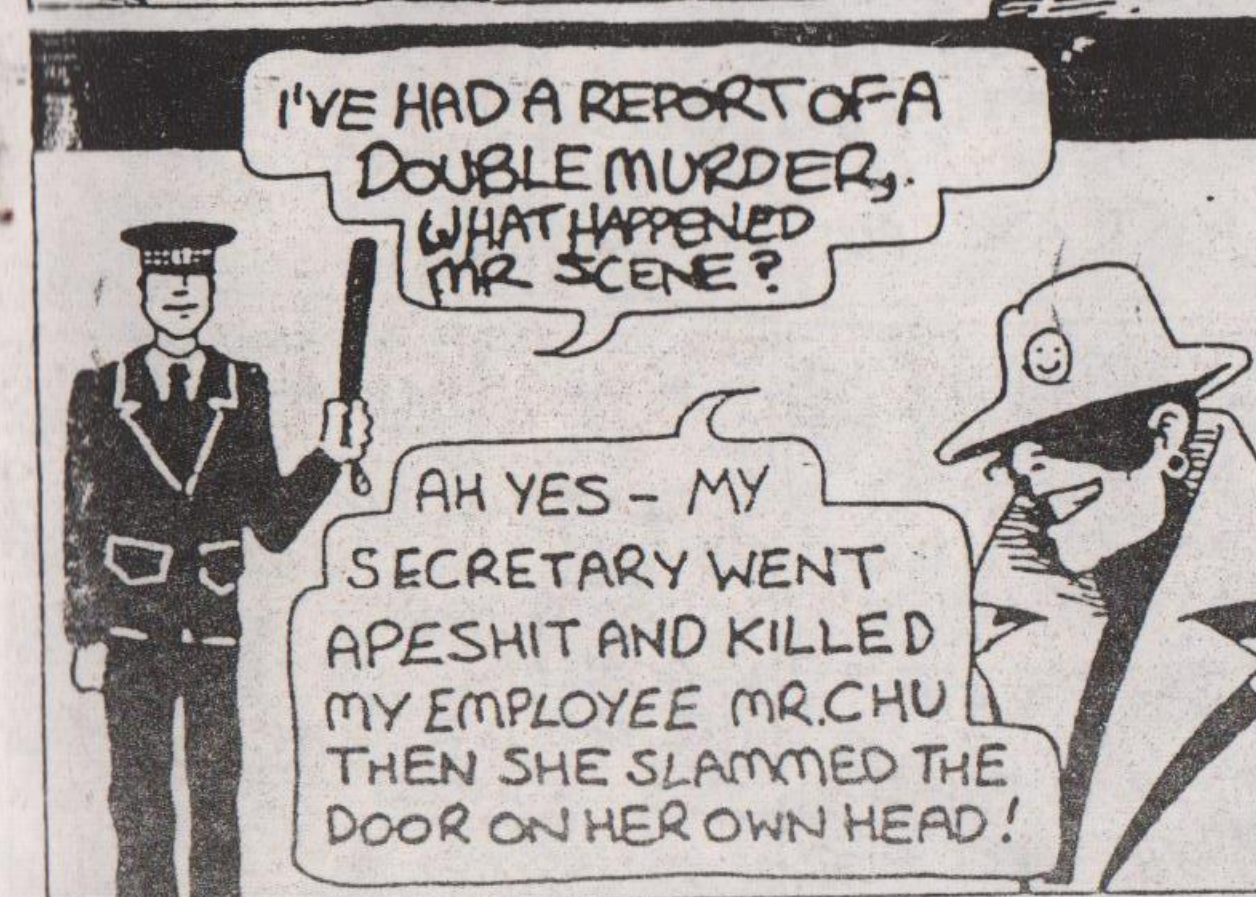
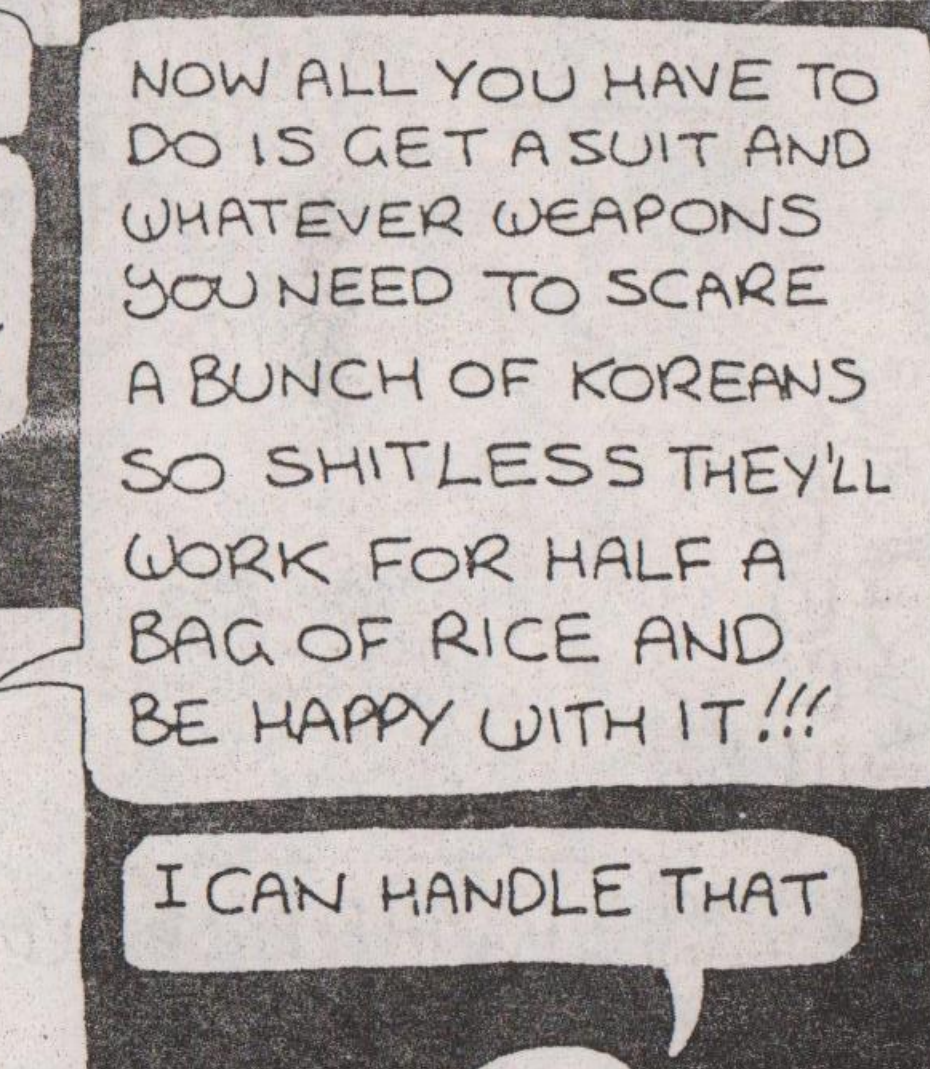
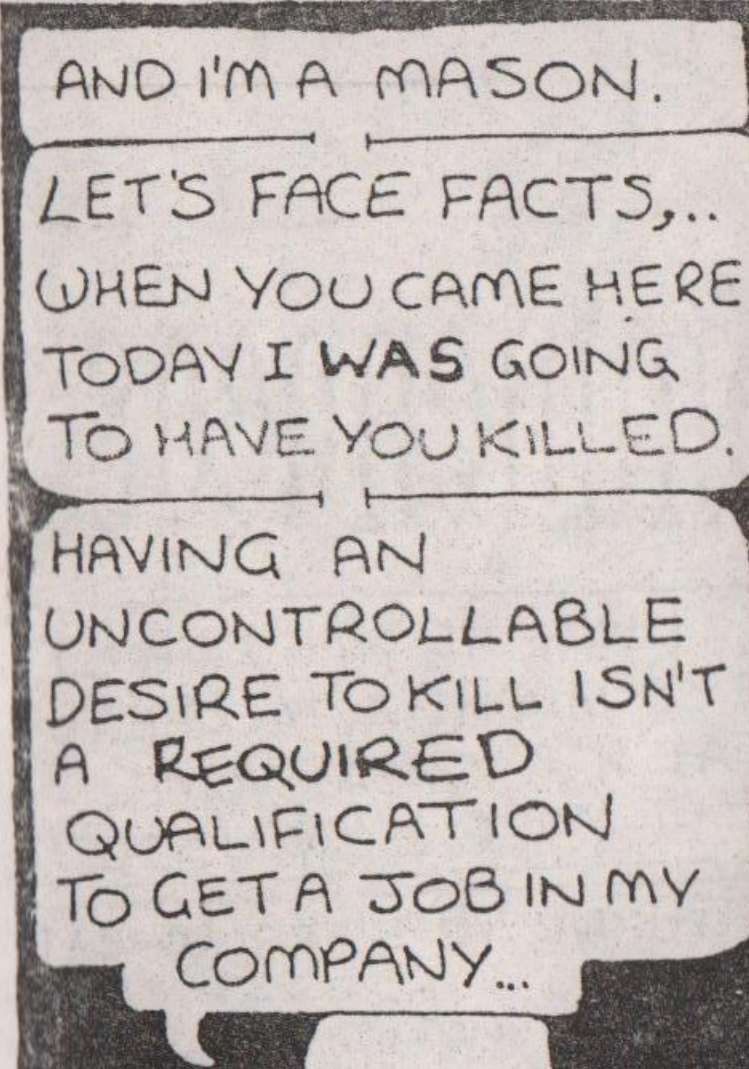
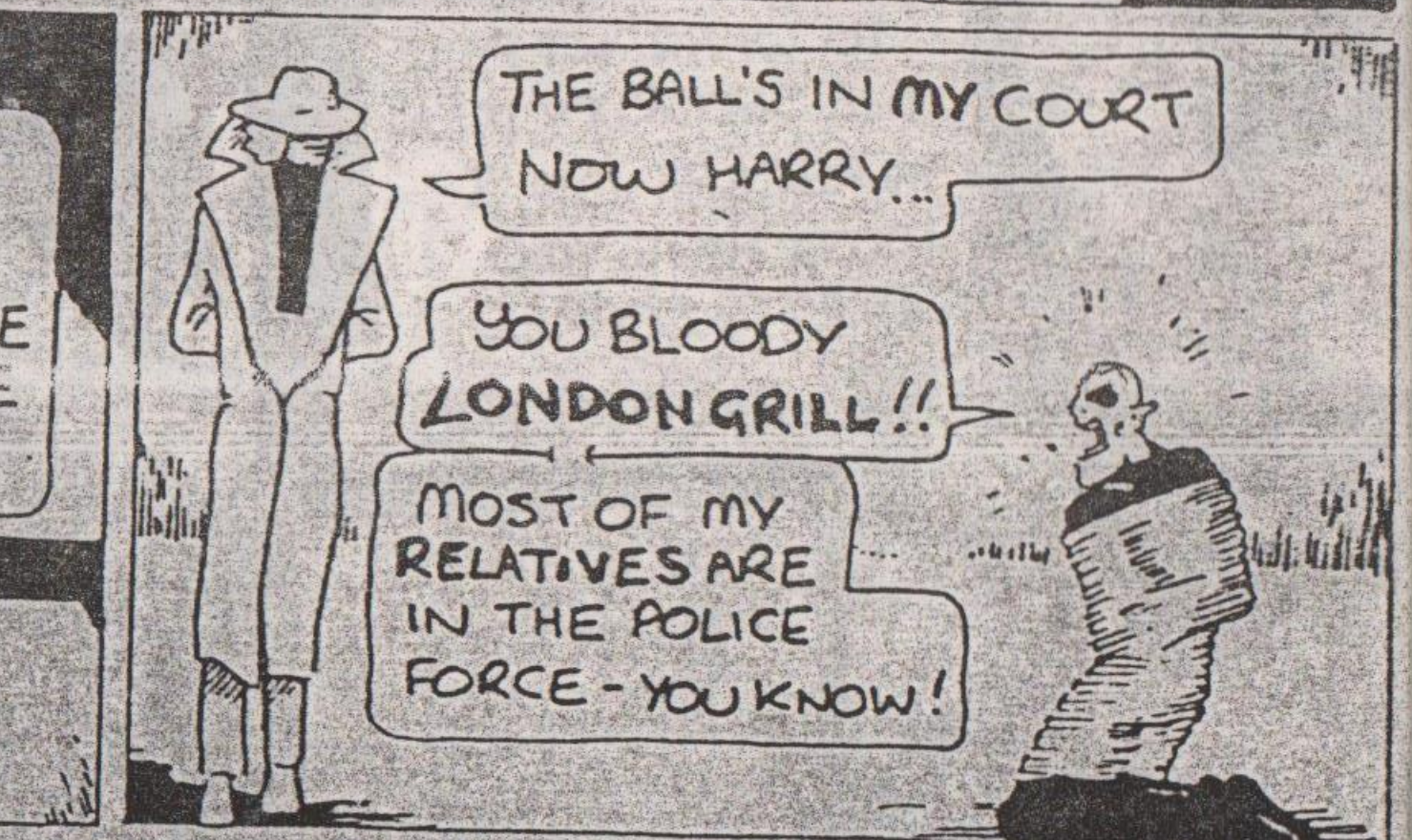
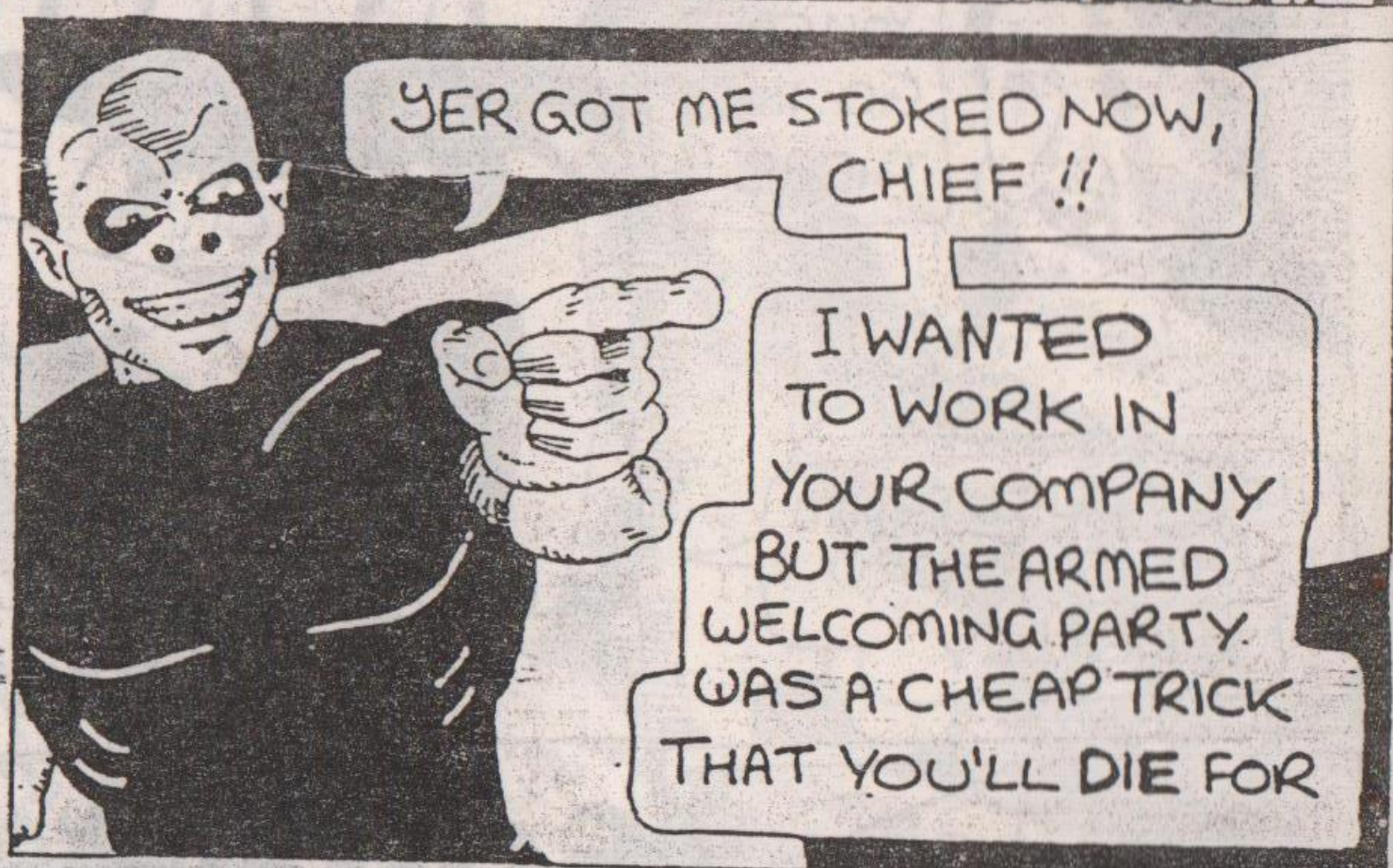
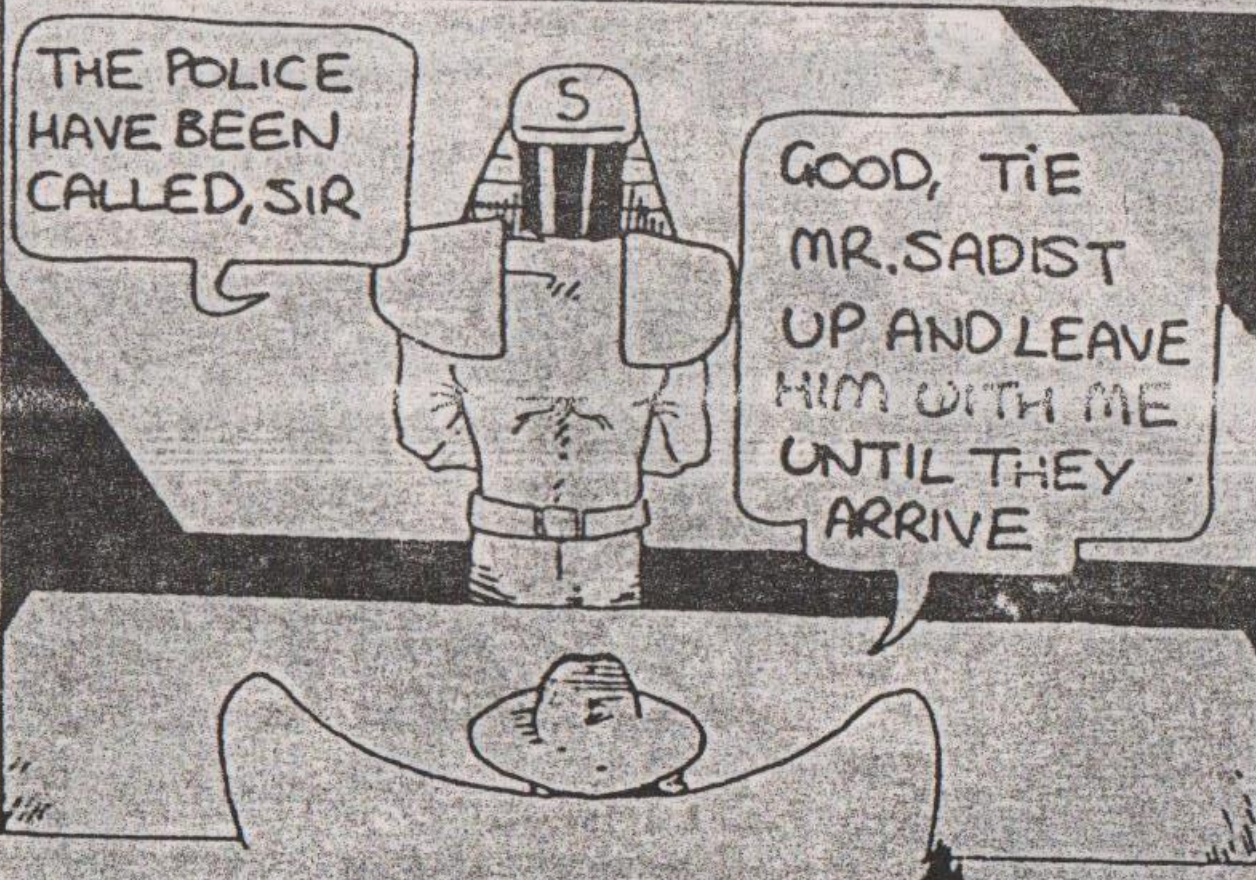


WHERE THE PROPRIETOR IS PREPARING FOR
TALKS WITH HIS HEAD OF OPERATIONS
IN THE FAR EAST





IT HAD TAKEN THE TROUPS 30 SECONDS TO RUN FROM 1ST FLOOR RECEPTION TO TEENSCENE'S 50th FLOOR OFFICE...



13106